THE

How to Walk by E. F. Broad
(Page 233)

JULY

ROYAL

Mr. E. F. Broad
Winner of the
LONDON TO BRIGHTON
Stock Exchange Walk.

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SOUND as a BELL

When a man is in the best of health, people are wont to say that he is "as sound as a bell." Just pause to think what that expression means. "As sound as a bell!" Unless a bell is perfectly sound, it is altogether unsatisfactory. And so, too, if your bodily organs do not vibrate with the clear and joyous note of health, you will soon be of doubtful use, either for work or play.

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"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

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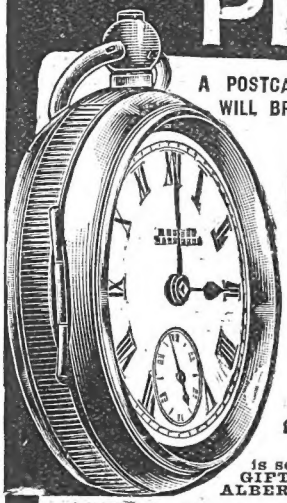

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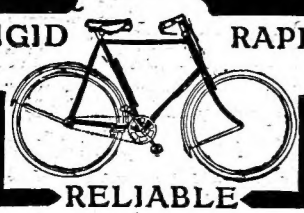

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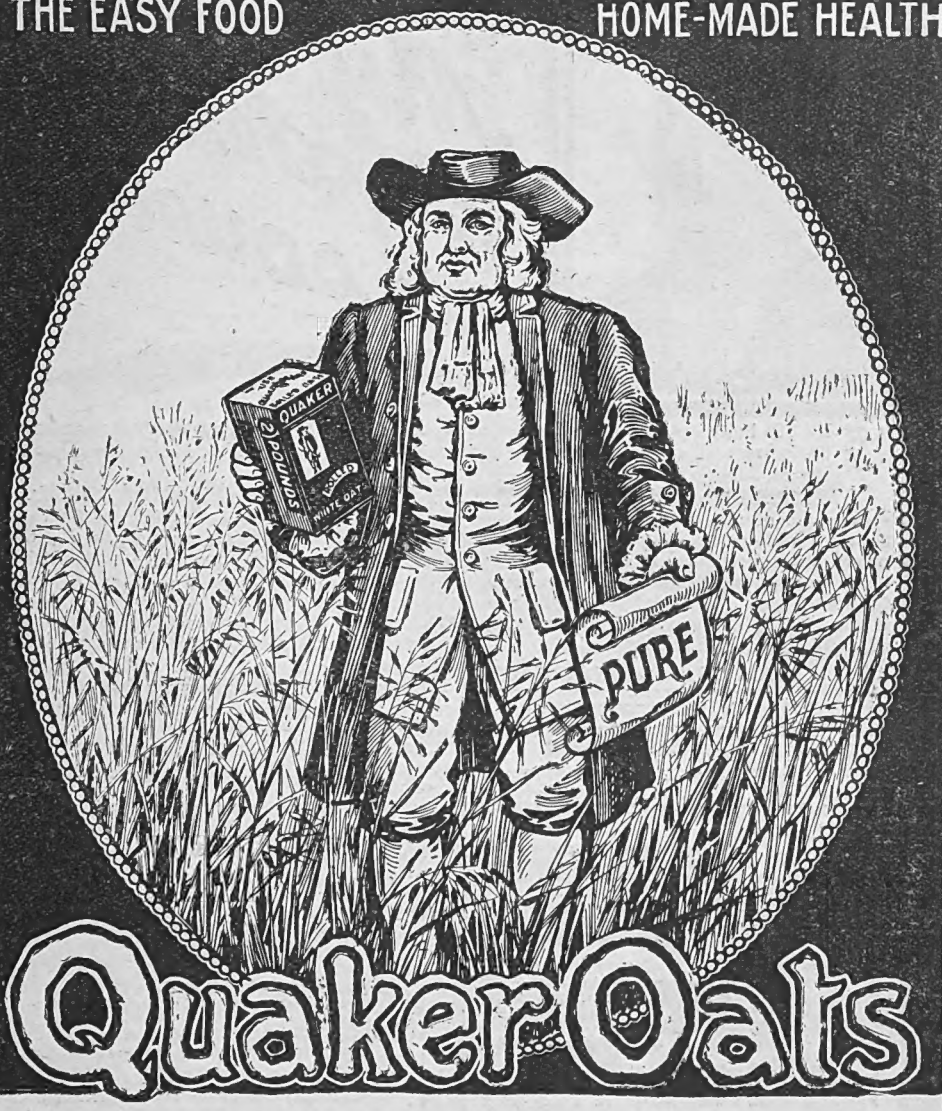

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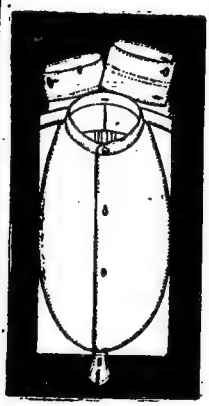

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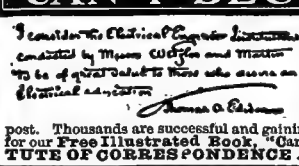

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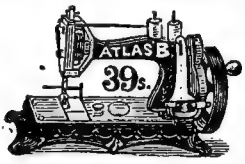

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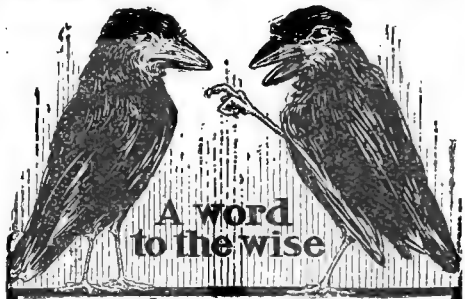

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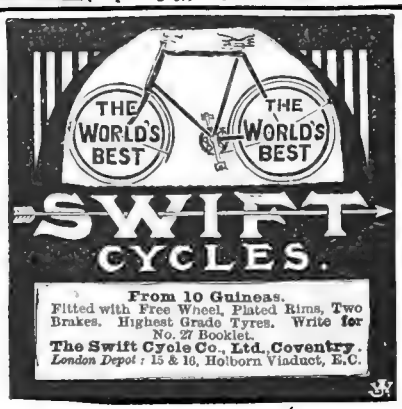

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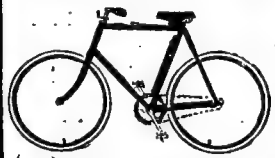

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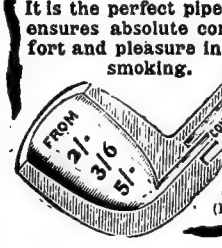

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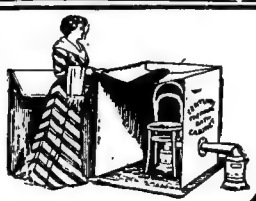

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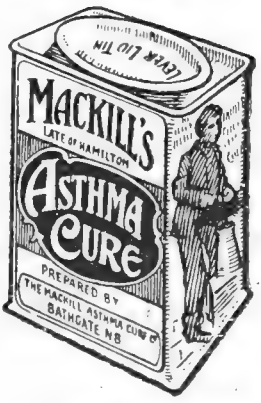

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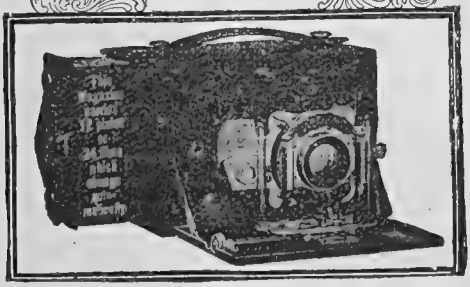

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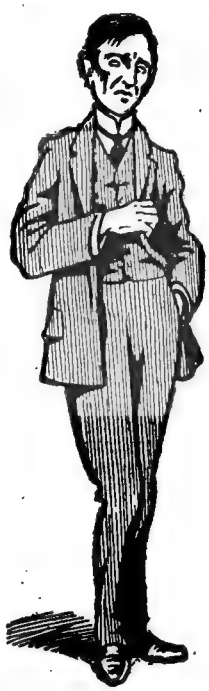

concentrate and organise your ideas and plans: if you view every trifling hitch and hindrance with a jaundiced, morbid eye: if your whole outlook in life is coloured by gloomy apprehension of dread and disaster, and the constant fear that you have failed or will fail: if you seek a brooding solitude rather than cheerful society, then do not pray neglect such marked signs of disorganised health. Realise at once that your system is weak and tending to a state of chaos only because it lacks electrical energy. You eat and it does you no good, because you have not the electro-nervous power for digesting and assimilating the aliments necessary to the maintenance of life. The food contains what you need to maintain Health and Vigour, and if you will take our advice and wear a Richardson Perfected Electro-Galvanic Belt you will at once acquire the necessary electrical energy and nervous force to transform it into muscular tissue. There is nothing so all-pervading, nothing so restoratively invigorating, as the warm, gentle flow of power diffused over your whole system by a Richardson Electro-Galvanic Belt. Day by day you recover force, your mind clears, your energies return, your nervous system recovers tone, and you find all your Physical powers increasing in Vigour and Intensity.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth six months are ready, 4/- each, post free 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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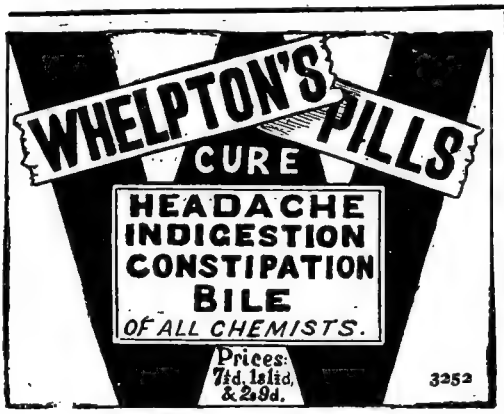

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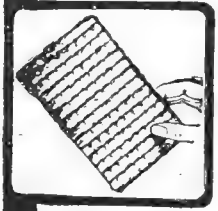

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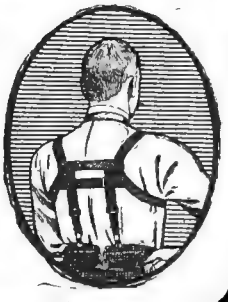

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They are different because they are poorer,
But else they are just like you,
Who live in the terrible city
And long for the green and blue—
The green of the fields, the blue of the sky,
The scent of the fresh, sweet air—
Then give, oh, give of your plenty,
So little will take them there!

The purpose of the FRESH AIR FUND is to take the children from the slums of the great cities and give them a day's holiday in the country. There are no expenses of management in connection with the Fund, all being borne by the promoters—Pearson's and the Ragged School Union; so that every penny subscribed goes to the children, either in food or railway fares. There is no distinction of class or creed; ninepence will pay for a day's happiness for a single child; £8 2s. pays for a party of 200, with the necessary attendants.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Sec., F.A.F., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Collecting forms may be had on application.

Vol. X.—July, 1903.—No. 57.

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"FATHER'S DINNER."

A GROUP OF DANCERS

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

MAIE SAQUI.

"I started dancing when I was quite a child, and—well, I didn't stop, and I don't want to stop till I am old." And that time is a very long way off, Miss Saqui! Maie Saqui comes from Australia, and has a beautiful crop of golden hair. She is a tall, graceful girl with a pleasant quiet voice. She loves dancing more than anything else in the world, save perhaps riding—but then what Australian girl is there who is not passionately fond of a horse? She has been on the stage since she was fourteen.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

LETTY LIND.

I don't suppose that there are many people who have not heard of Letty Lind. If there are—well, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. Letty Lind is one of the most graceful of dancers. She dances in all sorts of costumes, and they all seem to suit her. But then you must remember that there is a saying somewhere about "beauty unadorned." I don't know the rest of it, but I am sure that it will apply to Letty Lind.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

WILL BISHOP.

He is made of india-rubber, and the muscles of his legs are steel springs, there's not a doubt of it. No man of ordinary bone and muscle could possess quite the agility, lightness, and verve of Will Bishop. His dancing is a revelation. He is a teacher as well as a performer. Most of the leading dancers are pupils of his. He superintends the ballet of all the principal pantomimes, and trains men, women, and children. He is the busiest man in London.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

TOPSY SINDEN.

She first appeared when she was five years old in pantomime, under Sir Augustus Harris at the Covent Garden Theatre, and since then has been everywhere in London. "Dancing came to me naturally. I was born to it," she says. "Of course I act and sing, but dancing is the best of all! But nowadays dancing is not what it used to be. If you can do something really sensational, no matter how ugly, you are praised as a great dancer. A high kick—that fetches the crowd! But the really artistic dancer is never sure of applause!" Ungrateful girl! For she is one of the most exquisite dancers on our stage, and—one of the most successful. Very slight, very pretty, very graceful, unassuming, a charming conversationalist—may your success continue, Miss Topsy Sinden, for you deserve it all!

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

DOROTHY FROSTICK.

She was very delicate when she was a little girl. But she took to dancing and has been as healthy and as strong as you could wish ever since. Dorothy Frostick is not very old as yet, and confesses to a love for dolls. That shows what a very sensible young lady she is, for in spite of her huge success on the stage, she has not forgotten the joys of her childhood. But she is really a very beautiful dancer. When she grows up Dorothy Frostick is going to act real drama, Shakespeare, and all sorts of serious plays. I am sure that you will all look forward to that happy day.

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Photo by Hana.

ADELINA GENÉE.

She has not only the reputation of being the finest dancer in the British Isles. She is world famous, and has danced in all the principal theatres of Europe with unfailing success. Adelina Genée is by birth a Dane. But she is of French extraction. She has danced ever since she was a child, taught by her uncle and aunt, themselves great dancers, though at present they have left the stage and devote themselves to the teaching of dancing. Adelina Genée is a quiet, reserved girl, dignified and very graceful. She speaks with a slight foreign accent, and invariably uses the German language when talking to her relatives in England.

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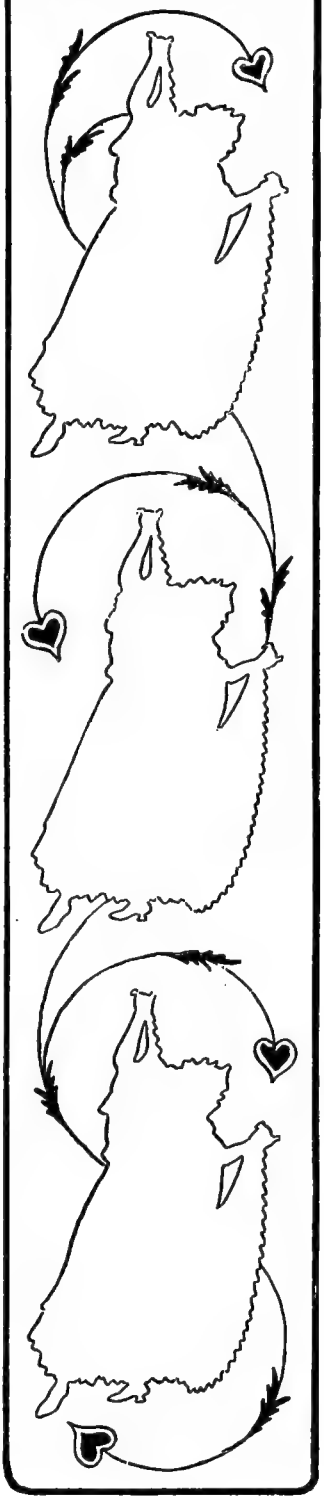
Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MABEL LOVE.

"It is a funny thing," says Miss Mabel Love, "that everybody seems to think that I act very little. That is a mistake, for I am always at it. I have hardly had a week's rest in the last two years, touring all over the country. I am very fond of dancing. Who wouldn't be? But you can't imagine how ambitious I am. I shall never be happy until I am at the very top of the tree." Mabel Love is a quiet girl, and a very delightful companion, pretty as a picture, and popular as—well, as only a charming and lovely actress can be.



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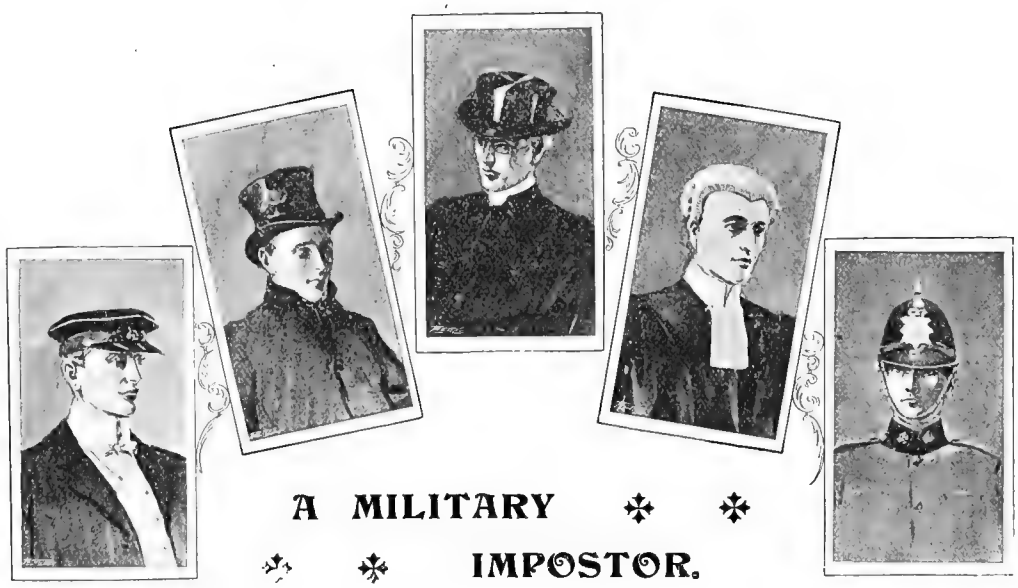

A MILITARY IMPOSTOR.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock caps all his former Escapades with a huge practical Joke on the Army.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock had turned into his club for a contemplative cigar, after leaving Lady Balsarroch's "small and early," which, like so many of its fellows, had proved to be both "large" and "late." The cigar was soothing, and Mr. Dimmock, tired with much dancing, soon dropped into a light nap.

When he awoke, he discovered that, with the exception of a good-looking young fellow who was just rising, somewhat unsteadily, from his chair, he was the sole occupant of the smoking-room.

Mr. Dimmock turned his keen eyes upon the other and very quickly saw what was amiss with him. He was obviously feeling faint—whether from the effect of too many cigars or the close atmosphere of the room, it was hard to determine.

With his usual kindliness of heart, Dimmock accosted the half-dazed man.

"You don't seem very well. Would you like me to see you safely home?"

"Oh, I—I hardly like to ask you. But—but if you really would not mind—it's giving you an awful lot of trouble, though?"

"Not a bit of it," responded Dimmock. "And I'm sure you don't look as if you were fit to be left alone. Come along, and we'll try to find a cab."

Dimmock got his charge outside the club and hailed a belated hansom.

When the cabman heard that the young fellow wanted to be driven to Blackheath, our friend gave a low whistle, and felt half inclined to back out. But, always a good-natured man, he banished the unworthy feeling, and resolved to go through with the business he had undertaken.

"It's a long way to Blackheath, sir, this time in the mornin'," grumbled the cabman. "Seven or eight mile—."

"I'll give you a sovereign for the job," said Dimmock.

"All right, sir, jump in. I've got a pretty fresh horse. He won't take so very long to do the journey."

For nearly an hour they drove along in unbroken silence. The young man was not yet sufficiently recovered from his attack of faintness to feel inclined for conversation, and Mr. Dimmock mused over the situation.

Blackheath reached at last, after a somewhat wearisome journey, the hansom soon drew up at the door of a large, square-built house, standing alone, and facing the heath. Here they alighted, and the younger man was profuse in his thanks. He wound up by saying:

Note.—*The author of the Dimmock series is not Mr. Charles James, author of "Holy Wedlock," "On Turnham Green," etc.*

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"You really must come in and have a whiskey and soda. I'm quite ashamed of having allowed you to come so far out of your way—for I suppose you live in town? I'm really grateful, as I still feel awfully seedy and don't know what I should have done but for your kindness."

He handed some coins to the driver, and the two young men, arm in arm - for the sufferer's legs still betrayed a weird uncertainty in their working—walked up to the front door, which had been already opened by a man-servant. They entered and turned into a cosy room, half study, half sportsman's den. Then the servant brought in a tray with glasses and mineral water, and set the spirit stand on the table.

"That'll do, King, you need not sit up. I shall be all right now," said the host.

Mr. Alfred Dimmock was just beginning his well-iced drink when he heard the sound of departing wheels outside, and sprang to his feet.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "the cabby's driving off! Here, let's hail him, or he'll be gone."

And by the time they had got the front door unfastened, gone he was.

For once in a way, our friend's usual imperturbability came very near to being seriously upset.

"What on earth am I to do?" he exclaimed, in a somewhat dismayed tone.

"Why, you must sleep here, of course. I am awfully sorry if it will put you to any inconvenience, but I can lend you everything you want."

Dimmock quickly resigned himself to the inevitable. They switched off the lights and went upstairs.

"You'll find pyjamas, brushes, and so forth in here," said the host, opening the door of a bedroom. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go off to bed at once. I feel quite worn out. Good night, and many thanks, once more."

Next morning his first waking thought was that although his host's silken pyjamas had so far served him well, he could hardly go to town in them, any more than he could—with any sense of propriety—array himself in his evening dress suit.

He must, therefore, look about him, and borrow some more appropriate garments. He turned out of bed, tubbed in the adjoining bathroom, and then, for the first time, his eyes fell upon a smart-looking volunteer uniform lying neatly folded up on a chair.

He was just about to inspect this when King, the valet, entered the room bearing a breakfast tray in his hand.

"Master's not feeling at all well this mornin', sir, and would you excuse him? He's very much obliged for all your kindness, sir, and he says that I'm to see you have everything you want; and would you like the motor to go back to town in? Very unfortunate, this little trouble, sir, for my master. He's a volunteer orficer, and there's a parade of his corpse—" (Mr. Dimmock shuddered)—"to-day. They're all a comin down from 'ead quarters in town, to meet on the 'Eath and march to Woolwich, and, of course, 'e can't go—prob'ly won't leave his bed to-day. You see, sir, he's been taken like this once or twice before, and it mostly means three days in bed afterwards."

Mr. Dimmock declined the motor, and when King had left the room, he sat down and took thought. Ten minutes later, and he was arrayed in the military outfit, sword, belt, and all.

"There's nothing like a broad, catholic experience of life," he remarked sententiously, "I may just as well see if I make as good a soldier as I did a Bishop. I rather fancied myself as a Bishop," he added reflectively.

He breakfasted with his usual solemn air—lit a cigarette, and, having left a handsome *douceur* on the mantelpiece for the valet, walked downstairs and out of the house.

He struck straight across the Heath, and very quickly saw a crowd of idlers making their way to where the City and Suburban Rifle Volunteers were already assembling.

No sense of diffidence weighed on Mr. Dimmock's mercurial mind as he approached his new task—he would probably have taken command of the Channel Fleet with a similar sublime air of confidence, had the chance been afforded him.

But he rather wished he knew what his own rank in the Service was. For aught he could tell to the contrary, he might be anything from a subaltern up to the Colonel commanding!

As he approached the crowd the Serjeant-Major came up and saluted.

"I think, sir, you'll be the Senior Officer present to-day. This influenza has treated our officers most cruel, sir—there's so many new ones, I hardly know them by sight."

"Just so," assented Dimmock graciously, as he made a slight trip over his trailing sword.

"Will you give the order, sir, for the men to fall in?"

"What, when they're standing by the edge

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of a pond! No, certainly not. It would spoil their uniforms."

The Sergeant-Major stared.

"Er—beg pardon, sir, perhaps I did not make myself clear. I meant, shall the men form up?"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" asked Dimmock in mildly reproachful tones. "Plain speaking always saves so much misunderstanding."

Then, without any warning, he suddenly drew his sword, and shouted:

"'Tention!"

The City and Suburbans obeyed as best they could, thus taken by surprise.

Then, speaking so fast that no one on earth could possibly understand what he said, he roared out:

"Eyes right and left shoulder arrrrrms! Porrrrt arrrrms! Ground arrrrms! Slope arrrrms! Wave your arrrrrms! Stand-up-straight-with-the-little-finger-down-the-seam-of-the-trousers-as-you-WERE!" the last words being positively thundered.

The unhappy City and Suburbans turned and twisted and stepped forward and stepped back again, and finally got into a hopeless state of chaos in their highly laudable endeavours to carry out these impossible orders. Dimmock, with rigid, immovable features, was secretly suffering from suppressed laughter, whilst his usually solemn eyes danced with mischief to see the confusion he had wrought.

Dropping his voice to its ordinary quiet tones he turned approvingly to the Sergeant-Major and said:

"That's very nice. I like to see men able to grasp this new style of drill so quickly. It's so much more useful than the old-fashioned order of things."

Stepping forward again, and imitating as nearly as he could one of those extraordinary commands we are all familiar with at reviews of troops, he shouted—

"Ar-har-har-hoo—Hoooo!"

Each man interpreted this in a different way, and the result was hardly a success from the Drill Sergeant's point of view.

"That'll do, Sergeant-Major," said Dimmock quietly, "turn on the band—tell them to play that thing that goes 'Rum-tiddy-iddy-iddy-Rum-tum-tum'—you know, and then we'll march off to Woolwich at once."

"Won't you wait for the other officers to turn up, sir?" asked the Sergeant-Major in rather anxious tones. He did not quite know what to make of this highly original temporary head of the City and Suburbans.

"No. Blow the other officers," answered Mr. Dimmock airily.

He flourished his sword, and advanced to march in front of the band, but the invaluable Sergeant-Major hurriedly whispered:

"Your horse, sir, is over there."

"Oh, of course," replied Dimmock casually.

Up to that moment he had not had the faintest idea that he was to ride, but now a stodgy looking hireling from the local livery stable was led up, and he got into a highly uncomfortable 'fore and aft' peaked saddle.

Then the Sergeant-Major gently intimated to him where he should ride, and, with three premonitory taps on the big drum, the band burst forth into martial music, and the City and Suburbans swung off in great style up the Shooter's Hill road towards Woolwich.

Mr. Dimmock lit a cigarette and rode along, listening to the band, and thoroughly enjoying himself. Riding slowly down the Common he soon caught sight of troops drawn up, the sun shining on their bright accoutrements and glittering bayonets. Officers could be seen galloping about in different directions, and the whole made a brave show.

When the City and Suburbans had advanced a little nearer, the Serjeant-Major hurried up to Dimmock, saluted and said, "These are the regulars we are to be brigaded with, sir. And this'll be either the Brigade-Major or one of the A.D.C.'s galloping over here, with our orders," indicating as he spoke a fierce-looking officer, with red hair and moustache, then hastening towards them.

The Brigade-Major—who was evidently a person of very considerable importance in his own estimation, and thought very "small beer" of Volunteer officers in general—received a shock when, reining up with an imposing jingle of bit, spurs, and stirrup-irons, opposite Dimmock, that gentleman, forgetting to salute, nodded casually, and said: "Hullo, how are you? Jolly morning, isn't it? Going strong?"

The Brigade-Major glared at him without deigning to answer. Then, in sharp tones he said: "You will advance by column of companies to the edge of that road. Then by column of route you will proceed along it to—"

"But why not stay on the grass?" queried Dimmock, "the road's so awfully dusty. Just look at my boots."

The Brigade-Major nearly exploded in his wrath. He swore below his breath and then

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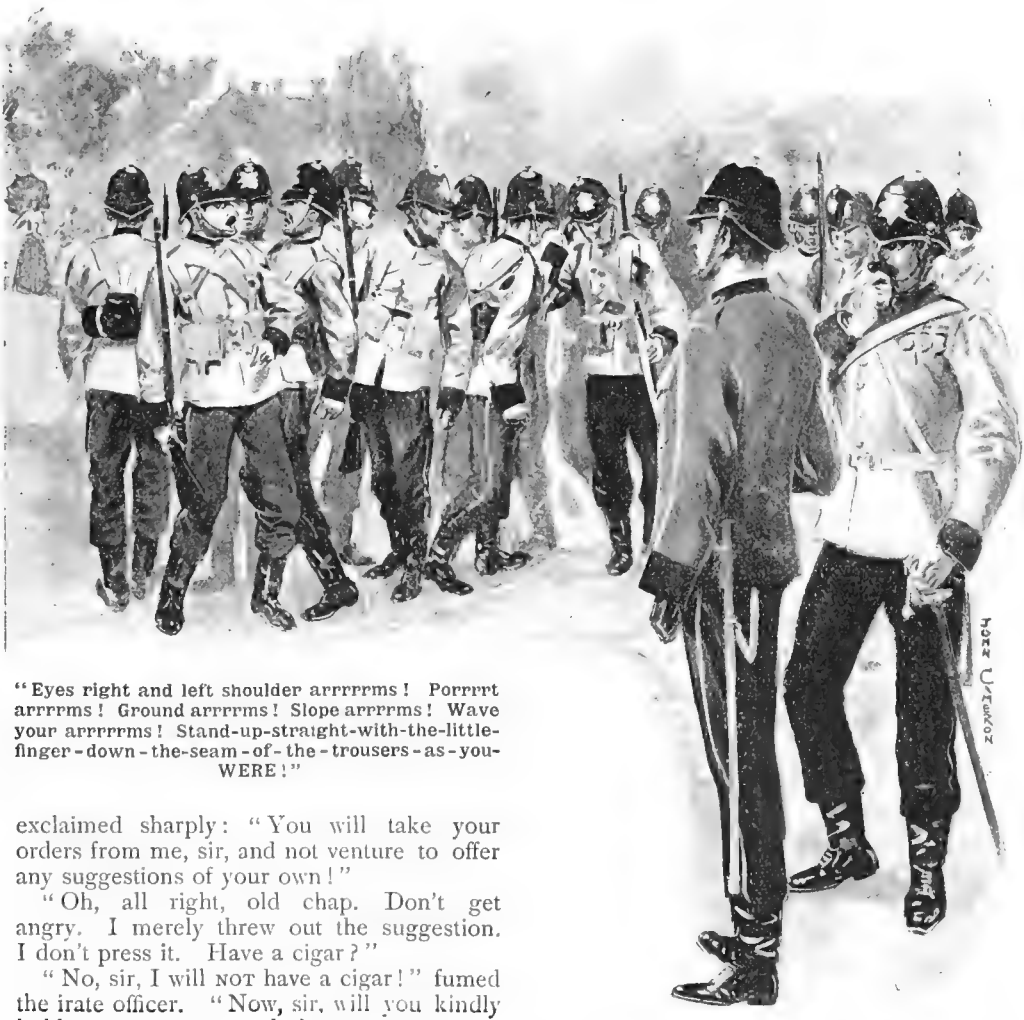

"Eyes right and left shoulder arrrrrms! Porrrrt arrrrms! Ground arrrrms! Slope arrrrms! Wave your arrrrrms! Stand-up-straight-with-the-little-finger-down-the-seam-of-the-trousers-as-you-WERE!"

exclaimed sharply: "You will take your orders from me, sir, and not venture to offer any suggestions of your own!"

"Oh, all right, old chap. Don't get angry. I merely threw out the suggestion. I don't press it. Have a cigar?"

"No, sir, I will NOT have a cigar!" fumed the irate officer. "Now, sir, will you kindly hold your tongue and listen, instead of making any more of your absurd and preposterous interruptions? You will advance by column of companies—"

"Yes, you said that before. Fire away about what we're to do after we get to the road"

Choking with fury, the Brigade-Major repeated sternly: "You will advance by column of companies to the edge of the road, and from there by column of—"

"What time do we lunch?" interrupted the irrepressible Dimmock.

The Brigade-Major groaned.

"The man's mad!" he muttered. "Stark, staring mad." Then aloud, he said: "Have you no sense of responsibility, sir?"

"Well, no, I don't think I have much," returned Mr. Dimmock, in slow, meditative accents, which almost drove the unhappy Brigade-Major frantic.

With a fearful effort he swallowed his wrath and continued: "When you arrive at the Garrison Church, you will halt your men, and await further orders."

Dimmock nodded.

"Yes, that sounds easy enough. You toddle back to the old chappie with the waving plumes, over there"—indicating the General, seated on a grand-looking charger in the midst of his gaily-uniformed staff. "and with the assistance of my Serjeant-Major I'll manage to move the whole show down there, somehow or other. Have you any favourite tune you'd like the band to play? It's not a good band, still, nobody throws things at them, because they do their best,

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"Have a cigar?"

don't you know. Shall they play the Squashington—I mean the Washington—Post?"

But the distraught Brigade-Major had already started to canter back, and report this highly original Volunteer officer's conduct to the General.

Dimmock turned and said: "Sergeant-Major, do *you* understand what the gentleman with the ginger hair meant? I'm afraid I didn't quite grasp his meaning. You see," he continued, warming to the subject, as he saw yet further opportunities of mystification open before him, "there are two distinct schools of drill now. The Brigade-Major is evidently Oxford—I am Cambridge. His way of moving troops is not my way. So perhaps *you* had better see that this order is carried out."

But before anything could be done, an A.D.C. galloped up and requested "the officer in command of the City and Suburban Rifles" to report himself at once to General Sir Henry Damilton, K.C.B.

"Charmed," returned Dimmock, "delighted to meet him, I'm sure."

He followed the A.D.C. at an easy canter, and soon found himself in the presence of the red-faced, white-moustached General, whose waving plumes and be-medalled tunic gave him a most martial and imposing appearance.

The Staff regarded Dimmock curiously as he approached. They were looking out for the coming explosion. Sir Henry commenced storming without a moment's delay.

"By what right, sir, do you dare to argue with my Brigade-Major, and give your own views and ask irrelevant questions instead of receiving and carrying out your orders? Confound it, sir! if we had many officers like you, we should never be able to move troops at all!"

The General's moustache fairly bristled with anger, as he continued. "Now, hark ye, my good fellow, I don't know who you are—you're a perfect stranger to me——"

"Sir, the loss is mine!" said Dimmock, bowing most politely, "I trust we shall soon become the best of friends!"

Sir Henry became purple with fury at this last sally, and roared out:

"This to my face, sir? Consider yourself under arrest!"

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"Certainly, General, anything to please you. How do I arrest myself?"

"Take this—this—this miserable lunatic out of my sight!" shouted the General. "By Gad, sir! I'll have your commission taken from you to-morrow!"

Dimmock shook his head in gentle negation.

"You can't do that, General," he said mildly.

For a moment Sir Henry was speechless with astonishment. Then he burst forth:

"*Cannot* have your commission taken away? Why not, sir?"

"Because I haven't one!" replied Mr. Dimmock imperturbably.

The General stared at him open-mouthed.

"Then you mean that—that you are an impostor, sir?"

Mr. Dimmock made another courteous bow.

"Your keen discernment does you infinite credit. I am!"

It would be almost impossible to adequately depict the blank amazement expressed on the face of General Sir Henry Damilton, K.C.B., at that moment. As it was gradually borne in upon him that this was a daring practical joke, anger, resentment, and a strong tendency to indulge his risible muscles struggled hard for the mastery, and at length the latter feeling prevailed. The General, who was gifted with a keen sense of humour, fairly broke down, and roared with laughter.

That night, General Sir Henry Damilton and the officers of the King's Own Pioneers entertained Mr. Alfred Dimmock to dinner, and later in the evening, Mr. Alfred Dimmock entertained General Sir Henry Damilton and the aforesaid officers, upstairs in the anteroom, by means of the regimental piano and his own most excellent voice.

And if wild war-whoops, vociferous applause, extreme pressure to "put himself outside" many more whiskeys and sodas than any human being ever yet contained, together with countless cordial invitations to "name your own night, and dine with us again," could be taken as a fair criterion of popularity, Mr. Alfred Dimmock was constrained to think that his brief appearance as a "Non-Commissioned Officer" was entitled to rank as a success.

That night General Sir Henry Damilton and the officers of the King's Own Pioneers entertained Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

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M. Pernelet, who has given ten years to the work of taming crocodiles, is probably the only man in the world who would venture into a tank containing dozens of these powerful monsters. He does so daily himself, but once came near repenting his temerity. He was attacked by his savage pets, and terribly torn and bitten, narrowly escaping with his life.

A MASTER OF CROCODILES.

The only Man in the World who has made Pets of Crocodiles and dares to venture unarmed into a Tank in which several Dozens of them are swimming.

By George Western.

I once met a crocodile and shook hands with him. That is to say, he shook my hand with his teeth. Original, wasn't it? I have the marks now. He was the only one I have ever encountered, and, to tell the truth, I don't want to encounter another in a hurry.

Monsieur Pernelet is the first man who has ever succeeded in taming a team of crocodiles, and showing them unmuzzled on the stage. Long before he began taming them he kept them as pets. Crocodiles are the most ferocious of all animals in the world, and the most intractable. But Monsieur Pernelet is no ordinary trainer. He is a born naturalist, a keen sportsman, and a great traveller to boot. He has studied and trained these crocodiles, not for the sake of making a show, but from the mere love of animals. The taming has been a work of ten years, and to-day he can boast of a unique triumph.

Monsieur Pernelet began his arduous task by making it a rule that no one but himself should go into the room where the crocodiles were kept. They had to be fed by his hand alone, and hear no human voice save his own. Thus he found that, after some months, a few big heads would slowly rise out of the water tank at the sound of his voice, a proof that the creatures had begun to recognise him. But the progress was very slow, and it was a long time before he could step without fear into the tank containing his pets.

Monsieur Pernelet has a team of forty-six crocodiles, of all ages and sizes. Curiously enough, the youngest, a pair of little fellows, twelve years old, which the trainer bred himself, placing their eggs in an incubator of his own invention, are children of the eldest, a handsome lady of three hundred summers, on whose broad back Monsieur Pernelet rides round the tank. For crocodiles live to an enormous age. Some of those kept as sacred animals in Indian temples are said to be seven or eight hundred years old.

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A word about a crocodile's food. Since they cannot have the food they are accustomed to in their native Nile—all Monsieur Pernelet's crocodiles hail from Egypt—he feeds them on beef, the very best that can be bought. For their appetites are delicate and must be favoured.

"You see," says Monsieur Pernelet, "in their native country they feed on fish and niggers. Oh, they are very fond of niggers, are my friends the crocodiles! They would be much happier if the government would permit them a nigger occasionally for dinner!"

It is interesting to note that a crocodile always bites sideways. That is to say, you will be quite safe if you are standing in front of him; but should you be at his side, he will turn round his head, and snap at you like a shot, or perhaps his huge tail will swing round and stun you, before you have time to escape.

Out of water a crocodile is not a quick mover. He can waddle along as fast as you can walk, but cannot turn quickly. So if you are being chased by a hungry saurian on the banks of the Nile, you may escape easily by dodging round him. Only don't try to catch hold of his tail.

Monsieur Pernelet carries no weapons into the tank with him. For, to tell the truth, a weapon wouldn't be much good in the event of a general attack. His little *bâton* is merely to guide the animals, a tap on their jaws bringing their heads round, just as you may guide a Basuto pony by a flick of the

The crocodile tamer carrying one of his pets by a piece of meat hung over his shoulder.

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reins on which ever side you wish him to go. The sharp noise made by the *bâton* on the jaws of the animals sounds as if the blow might hurt, but their hide is very thick, and they feel the tap as a man would feel the tap of a lady's fan.

"Tremendous courage? Not a bit of it!" laughs Monsieur Pernelet. "Two pennyworth of courage, four pennyworth of patience, and the same amount of love for the animals—I am absurdly fond of my crocodiles, you know—that makes ten pennyworth of the whole lot, a French franc!

"How did I lose my forefinger? Oho! There is a story there. Would you like to hear? I will tell you all about it. I and my crocodiles were at Algiers, showing the visitors how clever we can be when we try. I was sitting in my little chair in the tank, when suddenly I was attacked by half-a-dozen of my biggest crocodiles. It was the most thrilling experience I ever had! A huge fellow caught hold of me, and snapped off my forefinger, as you see, while I was trying to force his jaws open by pressing a tender spot.

"I had no time to bewail my loss, for —thwack!—came a great tail, and down I went on my back into the middle of the tank, with a crowd of crocodiles of all sizes splashing about on top of me! Before I had time to move another lively customer rushed at me, and seized hold of my clothes, and a good deal of myself into the bargain. Then he twisted himself round and round, like a—what do you say in English?—teetotum, just as crocodiles always do when they fight.

"Oh! there was a fine scene, I can tell you! There was I with all my clothes hanging in rags about me, and the crocodiles splashing round for all they were worth. And there was the audience, shouting and screaming, and all the ladies fainting or in hysterics. The manager told me that he had never seen such a to-do in his life, and never wanted such another one.

"How did it end? There was a plucky gentleman in the front row of the stalls who jumped on to the stage and pulled me out safely. I was in the hospital for six months afterwards, and am simply covered with the marks of the teeth on my body now!"

The only weapon of M. Pernelet when he enters the tank is a small stick, no bigger than an orchestra conductor's bâton. This he merely uses to guide the crocodiles with; he has to rely for safety on their knowledge of and affection for him. Force would be of no avail against their strength and numbers.

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LUERTH

The Pathetic Story of a Dog Who Gave His Life for His Friends.

By L. G. Moberly.

The portrait hangs upon my boudoir wall. When I look up at it the loving, faithful eyes gaze down into mine.

Sitting back in my chair and shutting my eyes I can recall vividly all those past days when he played an important part in our everyday life—when he was one of ourselves, and home itself would have seemed incomplete without him.

Out of the mists of memory it all comes back to me to-day.

The nursery door stood open. Nurse had gone downstairs to her supper, and the door was always left ajar that she might hear the baby, should she awake and cry out.

Passing by with noiseless tread I paused a moment to watch the firelight playing on the walls and on the pictures we had chosen so carefully, and I smiled at what I saw. Beyond the fireplace the soft glow fell upon my baby girl's white cradle—and on one of her tiny dimpled hands flung out across the coverlet, and in the corner I could see the dim outlines of the cot where my bonny boy slept peacefully.

And stretched upon the rug—his head between his paws, his faithful eyes fixed upon the cradle—lay the children's most watchful guardian, most loving friend—my great wolfhound, Luerth.

His ears were a little pricked. Noiseless as I had flattered myself it was, he had heard my footstep across the landing, and when I paused at the nursery door he lifted his head from between his paws, and turned slowly to look at me. The firelight shone on his great soft eyes; his glance seemed to say: "You have come to see if your babies are safe? I will take care of them for you." Then he turned his head again and lay very still, his wide open eyes fixed upon baby Sylvia's cradle.

He lay so still—his stately length stretched out along the hearth—that he looked more like one of those beautiful carved dogs one sees upon the tombs of ancient knights than a real living animal, save for his bright watchful eyes that were so full of attention and wakefulness.

With that smile still on my lips I stole away, satisfied, and more than satisfied that all was well with my darlings, whilst Luerth guarded their sleep; and as I sat working and waiting for my husband's return from a county dinner, my thoughts went, naturally, back to the days when my faithful wolfhound first came to me.

I was a girl then, and he a small grey bundle of fluffy fur, out of which peeped a preternaturally long nose, sharp, bright eyes—and legs that seemed out of all proportion to his dear, funny little body.

Luerth's puppy days varied between times of delirious joy and weary hours of discipline, which his soul loathed, but from which he emerged, if a sadder, yet a wiser dog.

Even in his salad days the gentleness of a true gentleman was one of his most marked

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characteristics, and everything smaller, weaker, younger than himself, seemed to rouse in him the chivalrous instinct which is a possession of dogs as well as of human beings. He was an excellent judge of character; it was curious how people whom he disliked were apt in the long run to turn out worthy of dislike.

When I first met Guy Dalrymple, Luerth was not with me; indeed, he did not see my future husband until Guy and I were formally engaged, and I confess that on the day my betrothed and I travelled down together to my home I endured many qualms of uneasiness lest Luerth should not approve of my choice.

"I warn you," I said to Guy, "if Luerth dislikes you I shall have serious doubts as to the wisdom of my engagement. What shall I do if Luerth dislikes you?"

"If he is like ordinary dogs he will certainly be jealous," Guy replied, laughing softly. "Dogs"—

"Luerth is not an ordinary dog," I interrupted; "there is not a mean or petty corner in his whole heart."

Guy laughed again, but I was silent, knowing that presently he would agree with me about my beautiful dog and his beautiful soul.

And he did agree.

As we drove up to the front door, Luerth paced slowly down the hall, and when he saw me he bounded forward with a joyful movement of his body, and a wild waving of his tail that expressed his happiness more fully than any words could have done.

I ran up the steps and laid my hand on his head in greeting, and then Guy joined me. Luerth stood quietly for a moment, looking at the stranger with alert inquiring eyes; in that long comprehensive gaze, judging his character, weighing him in the balance. Next his tail waved to and fro, slowly at first, then faster and faster in a very ecstasy of greeting, and lastly, he lifted one of his big paws and laid it gently upon Guy's arm, as who should say:

"You are welcome—we are friends."

Once a friend with Luerth meant always a friend, and from that day he adopted Guy as one of us, and bestowed upon him bountiful stores of love and devotion.

I came first always—but, because Guy belonged especially to me, he came second in the dog's affections, and no word of demur was raised by the rest of the family when I proposed taking Luerth to the new home that Guy had prepared for me.

My dog played so prominent a part in the marriage ceremony that some of the neighbours were scandalised, but then which of us could have guessed that on this one occasion only Luerth would leave his special corner in the hall which he invariably occupied during church time—and follow us to church instead?

He sat and watched me being dressed in my shining white garments, an odd expression in his face which I did not attempt to interpret. He submitted quietly when I stooped and kissed his shaggy head, and whispered in his ear: "There was never anyone as happy as I am, Luerth," and his tail fluttered contentedly whilst, from the top step, he viewed my departure in the carriage with my father.

Who, then, could have guessed what was in his mind, or have foreseen what happened?

Just as the service was beginning, just when I had taken my place at Guy's side, and the Rector's voice was speaking those solemn opening words, there was a little stir and rustling in the building, and up the nave—undeterred by horrified sidesmen or scandalised guests—walked Luerth, stately, dignified, self-possessed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, only making his way straight to my side, where he stood quietly until the ceremony was over.

And when, as Guy's wife, I walked down the church aisle again, to the strains of the Wedding March, Luerth pacing slowly beside me, I felt like some lady of old—with a knight on either hand!

* * * * *

If I had been nervous as to what reception Luerth would give my affianced husband—when my baby son was first laid in my arms, I was ten times more nervous, wondering what my dog would say to so new and strange an interloper!

The light of the setting sun was shining softly into my room when Guy said to me:

"Luerth has been lying on the mat outside your door for hours; may he come in?"

The nurse's face of dismayed horror made me laugh faintly.

"Yes, of course, bring him in," I whispered; "he had better be introduced at once to our son!"

I thought I heard nurse murmur:

"Nasty great dog." But if Guy heard, he did not heed, and, a moment later, Luerth stood beside the bed, looking at me wistfully, lovingly, questioningly. Then I pushed back the bedclothes, ever so little, until the downy head that rested on my arm was plainly visible, and, heedless of the nurse's wrathful "Tchut, tchut," I laid my free hand on the dog's head.

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"Luerth," I whispered, "this is my baby boy."

Quite silently the great dog stood eyeing the wee morsel of humanity nestling in my arms; then his eyes turned to me—there was a strange questioning in them.

"This is somebody else for you to take care of," I said.

Luerth's eyes went back to the scrap of babyhood once more, and one of the boy's tiny clutching hands suddenly flung itself out towards the dog. All in a moment Luerth's great paw was raised and laid, gently as a falling roseleaf, on that wee crumpled fist, and though nurse uttered a suppressed scream, I knew that from that instant my dog would be my baby's faithful slave.

And I was right! The weak and the helpless had always appealed to Luerth, and the baby was henceforth his special care.

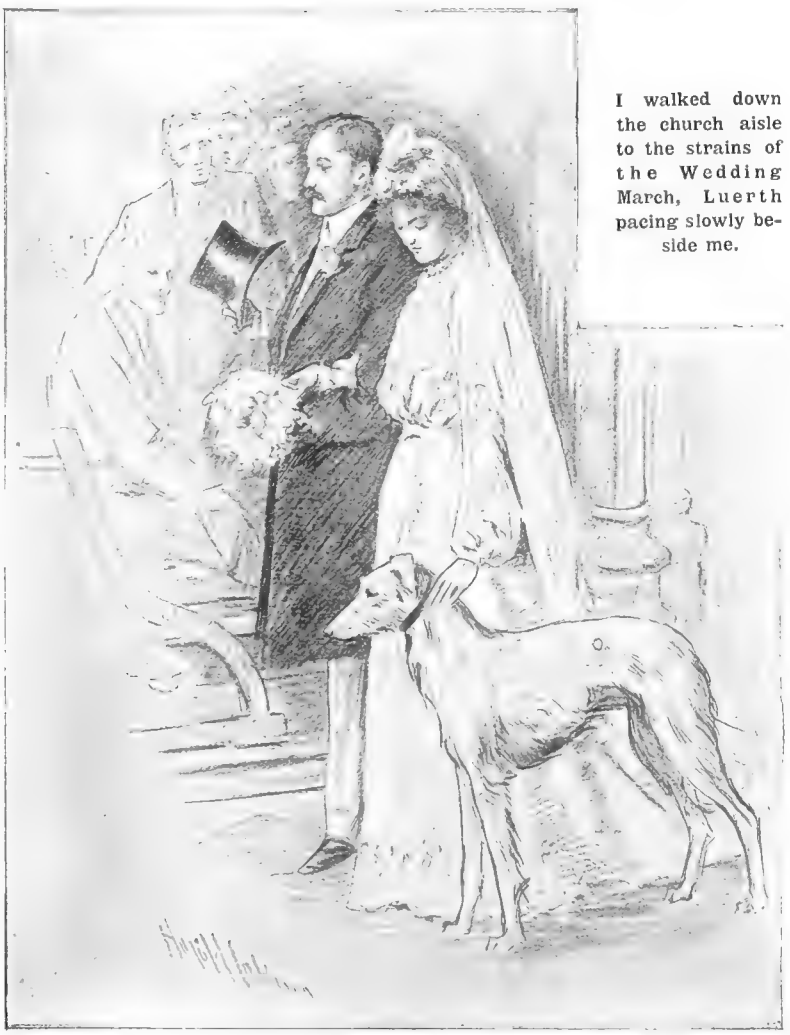
He haunted the nurseries, and nurse—my own old nurse who had watched over my childhood—vowed that he was worth two nurserymaids.

Nevertheless, I shall never forget her face when she came to me one day, white and trembling, to ask if it was quite safe for the dog to treat the baby "so." I hurried to the nursery to see what "so" meant, and Luerth, lying on the rug by the window, looked at me with something so like a smile that I positively laughed.

"Do you think I would hurt our baby?" his glance said, and he turned back to look down upon my son, who lay chuckling and laughing between Luerth's great paws, making ineffectual grabs at the dog's head with his fat, dimpled hands.

"That dog's a human being, I do believe," nurse said. "Baby—he would go crawling, crawling over to the fireplace till I got pretty near impatient, and I looks up and I sees Luerth take him up as gentle as you please by his little petticoats and lay him down, and then he lays down hisself, and holds the baby between his paws. Not as I knew if you'd like baby treated so," she added apologetically.

Luerth treated both my babies "so" in turn; it was his way of keeping them quiet, and a very excellent way too—for the baby, pinioned by those firm paws, could



I walked down the church aisle to the strains of the Wedding March, Luerth pacing slowly beside me.

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do no mischief—whilst fully occupied in patting the dog's shaggy chest and rough head.

When my boy was four, and his little sister two years old, my husband gave strict injunctions to the servants never to take the children beyond the Home Park for a time. A notorious gang of poachers was just then waging war upon the surrounding preserves, and their ringleader, an old tenant of my husband, was extremely bitter against Guy, and constantly threatened to harm him, or his, if possible.

I shall never forget the morning when nurse rushed into my boudoir with a face of terror, saying: "Oh! my lady, Jane have come in without the children—she've lost them!"

The trembling, sobbing nurserymaid could give us but a vague and sketchy account of what had happened, but I gathered that a prolonged conversation with her "young man," one of the under-gardeners, had driven away all thought of her charges, and that when she "looked round," as she expressed it, "them and Luerth was all gone together." They had been on the extreme edge of the Home Park, and it was perfectly plain that the children must have strayed away beyond the prescribed boundaries into the further woods.

Jane could give us no clue as to the hour at which the two had strayed away from her, and as she had been sent into the park with the children in the early afternoon—and it was now close upon six, they might have had a start of some hours for all that we could tell. Both Guy and I were nearly frantic—more especially as some of the men on the Home Farm brought tidings that Bill Jennings—the ringleader of the poaching gang—had been seen skulking about the lanes only that morning, and my heart stood still with dismay, when I pictured to myself the vengeance the wretch might wreak on my innocent babes, to punish their father.

Search parties were sent in all directions, and we tried to reflect soberly that our two-year-old baby could not journey very far, and that we must soon find them. But for the best part of an hour we searched in vain, and my heart grew sick with suspense and misery. Guy and I had wandered away from the rest of the searchers, and were toiling wearily up a hill, from which we could look down upon the landscape at our feet. We half hoped that the children might have climbed the hill too.

All of a sudden my heart stood still with horror. Almost immediately below us, but separated from us by a mile or more of rough hillside, covered with stones and undergrowth, was a little clearing in a copse, and in that clearing I saw something that made me grip at Guy's hand with a cry of dismay.

"Guy, oh! Guy, my babies," I gasped, and then he looked too, and his face grew white as ashes.

The afternoon sun poured full into the clearing, and showed us, first the children playing under the trees, absorbed in some childish game; next Luerth, standing beside them, head erect, ears pricked, and eyes fixed on a corner of the copse just behind them, and finally a man's form creeping, creeping, creeping towards my darlings.

All in that minute of time I could see how the man suddenly plunged through the brushwood into the clearing, and laid a hand on baby Sylvia's white frock, drawing her roughly towards him.

"My babies!" I cried again, and Guy seized my hand, and we dashed headlong down the hill at breakneck speed. But the loose stones, the tangle of brambles, the roughness of the ground, made going very difficult, and many times we stumbled, and slid, and almost fell.

And all the time we could see what was happening far below us, though Guy's shouts seemed to pass unheeded. We saw the man clutch at Sylvia's frock, we saw our boy lift his hands as though to beat off the men, and then we saw Luerth bound forward and hurl himself against the intruder with a deep, ferocious bark that might well have struck terror into the most courageous breast.

Luerth's charge must almost have felled the cowardly wretch to the ground, but we could see no more. Trees and bushes intercepted our view, and we scrambled on, slipping and stumbling, each slow minute of progress in itself an agony.

Then, all at once, a sharp report rang out across the stillness of the afternoon, and the sharpness of the sound seemed to make the silence that followed more deadly and more still.

Sick with horror and suspense we sped on, and I have no idea how we reached the bottom of the slope; the next thing I can remember is entering the little copse, over which twilight was already falling, though a yellow sunset still glowed beyond the trees on the hill above. Suddenly a sound broke upon our ears that made us stop suddenly and face one another with a simultaneous cry of joy.

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It was our boy's voice that we heard, his dear little piping voice singing his evening hymn with quavering, uncertain notes.

Then the small voice trembled and broke down.

"Oh, Luerth, my darling, I wish we could go home. It's getting most awful, fearful dark, and I do want my own bed and—mummy."

We struggled through to the clearing, and there a sight met my eyes which will remain a vivid picture in my mind until my dying day.

Luerth, our faithful Luerth, lay stretched full length upon the ground, his dear head lifted a little as though listening, his ears pricked, his aspect full of watchful alertness; and yet I could see, even in the gathering gloom, that his eyes were unwontedly dim. Lying curled against his warm shaggy body was our little son, his hands still folded for his hymn, his small troubled face turned towards Luerth's.

And held closely between the dog's fore-paws was—Sylvia, our baby Sylvia—sleeping as sweetly and peacefully as if she were in her own white cot at home.

Luerth saw us first, but beyond an eager movement of the tail, he did not stir, lest his charges should be disturbed. But his eyes turned towards me with a look of positive relief in their velvety brown depths, and he gave vent to a sigh, as of one who feels his work accomplished, and who can at last relax some terrible strain.

When our boy saw us he sprang up with a cry and ran to me.

"Mummy, oh, mummy!" he cried, "take us home quick, me and baby and Luerth—the wicked man shooted Luerth, and he's dreadful hurt."

"Shot Luerth! Who has shot Luerth? And, oh! Sonny boy, are you hurt too?" I cried, clasping the child closer, for I suddenly saw that my little son's white clothes were stained with crimson stains, and that there was a dabble of blood on his little hands.

"No, no, mummy," he said vehemently, "me and Sylvia aren't a bit hurt—not a scrap of a bit. Luerth wouldn't let the wicked man come near to us. He stood between us and that man, and growled all the time, and the shot went into him—he's dreadful, fearful hurt."

Whilst the child was speaking Luerth lifted his head and looked at me again with wistful, anguished eyes that held in them a whole world of love and longing, and that seemed to say, as plainly as though he had spoken, "You see I did take care of your babies for you—I did my very best."

I knelt down beside my beautiful dog, and laid my hand on his rough coat without a word. I could not have spoken; there was a lump in my throat that nearly choked me, and the tears were raining down my face, so that I saw my dear dog's face through a mist as Guy tried to find that fatal wound that was draining Luerth's life blood away.

That wound was pitifully easy to discover, and though Guy, helped by one of the grooms who just then appeared on the scene, did everything that could possibly be done, I think we all knew from the first that it was hopeless.

When I lifted Sylvia from between those strong, loving paws, her dimpled hand went up and stroked the dog's wistful face tenderly.

"Poor, poor Luerth," she said, "he did take care of us—same as he always does—and the ugly man could not touch us—only shooted his gun."

Only shooted his gun!

Ah! that was all in baby Sylvia's mind, but the shot had done its work, and Luerth was dying.

He lay very still, very patient, very quiet—an example of heroic endurance to us impatient, querulous human beings—and only once or twice a tiny moan escaped his lips.

His head was in my lap, my hand rested upon it—he grew restless if I moved it away; one of his great paws lay on my knee, and his eyes remained fixed on my face—those faithful eyes, that were such a perfect mirror of his faithful soul.

I called gently to the groom to take the children home. I did not want their tender little hearts to be wrung by the sight of Luerth's suffering and death, but I think our little son guessed that something strange was happening, for before he was led away, he knelt down, and putting his arms round Luerth's neck, softly kissed the dog's shaggy head.

"Good night, Luerth, my darling," he said, in his clear voice, "good night, God bless you, 'cos you did take care of us, Luerth, my dear."

The great soft eyes, with their wonderful human look, gazed wistfully into the child's face, and Luerth lifted his paw feebly from my knee, in a last effort to do homage to the little master he adored. But the effort failed, the paw dropped back, and my boy stroked it gently, whispering: "Never mind, Luerth. The bad man hurted you, but you'll be better

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soon. P'raps you'll be quite well when morning comes, and you did take care of baby Sylvia and me!"

The end came to Luerth soon after the children had gone, and then the light died at last out of those loving eyes, and Guy lifted me up and took me away; I cried as if my heart would break.

Dear, faithful Luerth! After the firing of that fatal shot, instead of creeping away to die alone, he had gathered up his failing strength to take our baby girl between his paws and shelter her; he had made a pillow of himself for our boy's head, suffering, who can tell what tortures, whilst he lay patiently waiting for the end.

The children's queer disjointed account of the disaster was corroborated by Bill Jennings himself, who was taken the very next day. He was a curious sullen man, but he said sheepishly to Guy:

"I never meant for to kill your dog, Mister—he was a game 'un, he was. I never meant for to do for he. Looked at me with eyes like a human he did, after I'd shot him, and I couldn't touch the little Miss when he looked at me that way. I meant for to take her right off, but I couldn't do nothing of that when the dog looked at me—I couldn't a' done it," and, to Guy's unfeigned amazement, the great rough man burst into loud sobs, repeating, "I couldn't do nothing more to the little Miss when he looked at me that way."

Luerth's last resting-place is amongst the roses in the garden, and carved upon the stone that marks his grave are the words:

"Faithful Unto Death."

The end came to Luerth soon after the children had gone.

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The writer as himself—

HOW I STOKED AN ATLANTIC LINER.

By Vivian Carter.

A vivid description of the hardest of all lives, the life of a stoker. The author, in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with his subject, signed on as a trimmer and put in some heavy work in the stokehold.

—and as a stoker on a Transatlantic liner.

This spring I took a trip from Liverpool to New York as a steerage passenger with a view of finding out from practical experience how the modern "greyhound" treats its emigrant passengers. Having satisfied myself that there are many worse things to be experienced in this life than the modern steerage, I decided on my return voyage to carry my inquisitiveness even further, and find out what it was like to work for a while as a fireman.

Accordingly I got the permission of the Chief Engineer on one of the newest and finest of the British Atlantic liners with a tonnage of 14,058, to join his stokehold staff, and for a part of the voyage, at any rate, to undergo just the same experience as one trained to the life. I formally signed on as a coal-trimmer, and was placed on the eight to twelve watch, where the second engineer, a big, good-natured Scotchman, assured me he would personally see that I did not shirk my work.

I had secured from a friendly stoker the necessary rig out. The clothes had been lying idle for some time, and when I donned them a mouse lightly tripped out of their folds. It was a minor forecast of the kind of surprises in store for me in the stokehold—and I needed it.

Each fireman works for eight hours, and rests sixteen. The watches are from twelve to four, four to eight, and eight to twelve. A man on the eight to twelve watch, for instance, works between those hours morning and evening, and enjoys eight hours' rest between each four hours' work.

My watch was in some ways the best, as one gets eight hours' sleep at the proper time, and works when one's energy is supposed to be best. The wages of a coal-trimmer are £4 10s. per month. A fireman gets his £5, a greaser £5 10s., while the store-keepers, refrigerators, and electricians receive £6.

The usual muster before the captain, and drill having taken place early on the morning before sailing, I joined my new comrades, a good-natured set of men, mostly from Lancashire and Ireland, who chaffed me greatly as a "non-union" man.

After muster there was no more going ashore. A man who does so is liable to six months' imprisonment. Not only did we bid good-bye to the shore, but also to the passengers' quarters. We gave one passing glance into the saloons from the deck on which we mustered, smelt for once the fragrant fumes of the first-class cooking, and gazed with envy at the beautiful apartments where passengers smoke, or read, or play musical instruments.

If a fireman is caught in passengers' quarters, even those of the steerage, he is liable to prosecution for larceny. The offence is treated as "broaching cargo," and punished

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accordingly. As the stoker who was piloting me through read the notice, he laughed. On one of his voyages from New York they had a very officious second engineer, who made it profanely hot for a fireman thus out of bounds. Once he spotted the back of a black figure in the Second Class saloon. With a furious oath he shouted to the "black pig" to get below at once. When the "black pig" turned his head, the engineer was faced by a negro passenger, a well-known "coon" parson in New York. All that is black is not a fireman.

I descended to the stokehold as the ship moved out of dock. A thick fog hung over us. Passengers were waving farewells and taking stock of their fellow passengers. In the engine-room a succession of jangling bells announced the captain's signals to the engineer, which are recorded on a dial watched by two assistants and registered in a book. In turn it would be "slow" or "half," "dead slow" or "stop." The deep boom of our whistle vibrated throughout the ship, and warned droves of snorting ferry boats to keep clear of us.

Further below still, the greasers were at work oiling the engines. I passed through what looks like a vast factory, mysterious engines, dynamos, refrigerators, which it would take one a lifetime to understand, and descended ladders bounded by the greasiest of poles. I passed one of the tunnels through which penetrate the shafts, the breakage of which has stranded many a vast ship in mid-ocean. When the shaft breaks, the screw will probably be lost. The engines will fly round at a violent rate and shake the ship from stem to stern, as there is nothing to resist them. The steam must be shut off, and the ship reduced to a powerless hulk until something comes to the rescue. Then I planted my foot into the stokehold.

Huge black furnaces towered over my head, mysterious burrowing little tunnels radiated to and fro to hidden black bunkers—the scene of my labours. Before the furnaces stood groups of black figures, waiting for the instruction to steam ahead. Now and again a furnace door would be opened, throwing forward a lurid glare, and a man would throw in the slightest of shovelfuls. As yet we were only gingerly moving out into the harbour, and the stokehold work was in suspense.

I must pass to the beginning of my watch to tell of the real scene in the stokehold, when the ship has passed Sandy Hook, and entered the broad ocean, and the fires had to be forced into furious activity to make her attain her full speed.

A gong was sounded, and the forty-five men — twenty-five stokers and twenty trimmers—who had to relieve the previous watch slid down the greasy rails, and rushed to their work. The second engineer, clad in overalls, and distinguishable from the men only in that he wore a close-cut black beard, stood directing us.

"Now then," he cried in an encouraging voice, "we want some steam. Cheer up, boys."

This meant that during the next four hours some eighty to ninety tons of coal had to be passed from bunkers to furnaces, and consumed. Each man must consume in his furnace about three and a quarter tons.

The furnace doors were thrown open, and the men seized long iron rakes, thrust them far into those avenues of flame, and drew out huge cakes of white hot cinders known as clinkers. I was ordered to fetch a bucket, fill it with cold water, and stand by ready to throw it over. With the simultaneous opening of the fires the heat suddenly became overpowering. Coal dust flew about in blasts, filling my eyes, nose, and mouth, and making me cough and splutter.

I took my superior's instruction too previously, and flung the water violently over the flaming clinkers. I had miscalculated, and a scalding cloud of vapour suddenly rose, to the cursing of those in its neighbourhood and the choking of myself.

My superior with the rake told me next time only to sprinkle the water as though I were watering a plant. Half a pint, he said, extinguishes better than a bucket full. Men have had their faces terribly scalded by drenchings such as I had given.

The clinkers were carted away in barrows, and I proceeded to coal trimming, my work for the next three and a half hours. I left the blazing heat and seized my barrow. I had to wheel it through the narrow tunnel, fill it with coal from the bunker, wheel it back again, empty it at the stoker's feet, and keep on until the watch is over.

As I took up the barrow, a blast of icy air blew down the ventilation shaft above. In the stokehold in winter one experiences the extremes of temperature. But that is a small complaint. In the summer the men sigh in vain for one whiff of that kindly cold. As a matter of fact men seldom do catch cold from the contrasts of stokehold life.

The "green" hand is a familiar figure to the stokehold, and he has his marked out

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A scene in the stokehold of a big ship. The doors of the furnaces are opened, making the heat of the place overpowering; the air is full of flying sparks and choking coal-dust, which filled the eyes and lungs of the writer, when he made his first trip as a stokehold hand.

code of treatment. It is a cruel, hard life for a novice, and his fellow men recognise that. Many are the little kindnesses shown to him if he is really overpowered by the work. He will probably be seasick for his first voyage. A fellow will give him a drink of sea-water—the stokehold's antidote—and hope he will soon be better. Or, if his hands are sore, as they certainly will be on his first trip, somebody will find him an old pair of gloves.

Work runs more on masonic lines perhaps than in any other trade. The ship can only carry a certain number of men. If one of them is knocked over, it simply means that the others have to make up by additional work for his absence, and it would be rank "bad form" for a fellow to allow that unless compelled. Shamming, or shirking, therefore, is not so much an offence against your employers as your fellow men, who suffer on your behalf.

I picked up my barrow and wheeled it through one of those narrow tunnels, at the end of which is the bunker. In front of me was a mound of coal, partly dust and partly small cobbles. Large cobbles must be taken out separately and reserved for the "clean" fires. I shovelled vigorously till my barrow was filled, and proceeded to wheel it back through the tunnel to the furnaces.

At first I could hardly lift it, let alone balance and wheel it through a tunnel just wide enough to admit my body, and scarcely high enough for my head. I got it through somehow, as a crowd of idle trimmers watched my struggles and laughed uproariously. I returned and filled another barrow, then another, until I had completed twelve. Then my arms and wrists got stiff, and choking with the dust, perspiring violently with the heat, I had to rest for awhile. I wondered whether I could really go on with the work for another hour, and stood there helpless and ashamed of myself.

Should I have to confess that I was beaten so soon? The thought came to me of those in luxury above me smoking their cigars, drinking their liqueurs, and congratulating each other if their energy admitted of a walk on

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deck or a game of cards. I had never felt what the gulf is between rich and poor until now, when we shared the same vessel—the one in idle luxury, the other in excessive hardship.

Then I was relieved by an order to go with another trimmer to the "'tween decks" bunker, to serve the man in the bunker below with more "cobbles." The other man took a small lamp, and told me to follow him up a ladder, gripping a stanchion for support. Up another ladder still, and then I must hoist myself on to a platform above, escaping a yawning black hole below me. It seemed as though we were actually scaling the inferno. The heat here was greater than below, for it was a still, dead heat, not an exuberant blaze.

Later on I went "'tween decks" during a heavy sea. One of those unexpected lurches, or shakings, might send me headlong down the yawning hatch below me. My fellow trimmer began throwing "cobbles" down below to some unseen person. After, not before, he had shot the lumps of coal down, he gave the warning cry, "Look out! Coming down," and we knew by the splintering crash that it had *not* fallen on the fellow's head.

I crept down those ladders once more, feeling faint and seasick. I had to rush to a pump to get a glass of water. It is said that a sudden shock is one of the best cures for seasickness. As I made for that water I experienced it. The fires were now at their full fury, and the men heaving huge shovelfuls of coal far into the recesses of those glowing depths. As I passed near one of them I was startled by a terrific report. In my nervous, almost fainting state, I imagined a boiler had burst. Men in the act of hurling shovels full into their fires had stopped, and even the engineer on watch had jumped at the report. A scalding, hissing cloud of smoke filled the neighbourhood of the furnace, so that I could scarcely see the stoker in front of it. I had turned my head away and made myself scarce, as I heard fragments of splintering material dropping on the metals.

A common, though happily not dangerous, accident in the stokehold, is the bursting of a gauge-glass. This makes a terrific explosion, and nearly startled the writer of these experiences out of his wits the first time he encountered it.

Then a burly fellow charged into me and swept me out of the way with a curse. Jumping on to an

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What the stokehold might be like in a heavy gale. A wave breaks over the ventilation shaft and swamps everybody; coal, shovels, iron rakes, and other things fly about you in all directions.

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iron platform he became invisible amongst the smoke, was there for a second, and returned. It was not the bursting of a boiler, but merely the breakage of a gauge-glass—a twenty inch glass cylinder which shows the depth of water in a boiler. It had burst, and the glass had been splintered to the right and left, and the man had to shut off two taps—the one water, the other steam. It is no unusual occurrence. Sometimes two of these glasses burst during the day, and some firemen recall the breakage of seven at a time, with appallingly noisy results. Even the chief engineer, with all his experience, will start at one of these unexpected little accidents.

Save an occasional scalding, a man is not often injured by this. Far more serious are the consequences of his opening the doors of his furnaces without first shutting off his forced draught. A careless man—perhaps one who has boarded the ship the worse for liquor—may, on starting his watch, forget to shut off the three checks at the side of the furnace which regulate this detail. On opening the door, a blinding draught will fly into his face, and probably scorch him frightfully.

But the surprises are to be experienced most in a gale. There is no limit to the number of minor casualties when the ship is alternately rolling and pitching, when her propeller is constantly above the water and her engines flying round like fury, shaking her violently in every section. As I trimmed at my barrow the ship would give a sudden lurch, and my spade would fly out of my hand. If I wheeled it through the tunnel without knocking my head against the side, I considered myself fortunate.

We would hear a furious tempest raging without. With the roll of the ship tools would fly about in all directions. A rake, which had been lying idle at one side of the stokehold, would come violently sliding towards one. If you stood in the neighbourhood of a hatch anything might come suddenly down on to your head. Perhaps a shovel has been mislaid somewhere above, so down it would come with a crash. One of those cobbles in the "'tween decks" bunker would volunteer its services to the man shovelling below and narrowly escape his head.

To be struck somewhere by a small lump of coal was no unusual experience during a storm. A violent roll of the ship would close a furnace door as the stoker was actually throwing in his coal. The door would collide with his shovel, and perhaps sweep it out of his hand. Coals, live and dead, clinkers straight from the furnace would suddenly make for one's boots. You have perhaps travelled saloon in a liner and laughed at the manner in which a glass or a bottle will pass itself to you at table in a gale, unsought, unasked. Imagine what the same unceremonious agency may enact in the regions below.

A man would suddenly find himself precipitated the whole length of the stokehold. Those standing by would laugh and ask him if he were running to catch his train.

But this is not all. Those mountainous seas which you have, perhaps, watched with admiration—if you have been a good sailor—will come sweeping over the ship. We did not escape them below. During a gale it was no unusual thing for a miniature Niagara to rush down the ventilator, and drench anyone who happened to be standing near. A sea, too, will sometimes alight on a mass of clinkers, and save the trimmer his task of extinguishing them, scalding him and his neighbours the while by an upward rush of scalding steam.

Our watch over, we ascended to our berths. It was midnight, but though exhausted and demoralised, we did not at once go to bed. We threw buckets of water over each other—the cleanlier of us—and sat round a table. My stokers were far from hardened wretches, in spite of their seemingly cruel lives. They talked with pride of their work. A man's fire may, for all we know, be his only pride and love.

When I asked what sort of food we got in the stokehold I was told "mostly 'ash." I felt a little startled, forgetting the dropped "h." However, the stock dinner dish is "hoodle," a mixture of meats, potatoes, and soup. For breakfast "'ash," for tea, meat—of a kind—and bread. Having once crossed to America in the steerage, it did not take me long to get into the swing of these rations, though it had not been so very long ago that I was sitting in the palm room of the Waldorf Astoria.

Our principal grievance was that we were not on the four to eight watch. It was an epicurean grievance—we missed the "black pan." At eight every night the chief steward sends the men on the watch just over, a huge tin containing the leavings from the saloon passengers' plates. It is received from the steward by a trimmer—who no doubt gets his first "whack" at some dainty morsel. Meat, fish, mayonnaise of lobster, green vegetables, pastry, tarts, fat from joints, are all jumbled together in a mixture of gravy and soup.

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As to who gets which is a matter of physical contest. The "blackies" simply rush for the pan, and sometimes topple over the trimmer in charge before he has had a chance himself.

I only once sampled the "black pan." For some reason or another the steward sent us one at lunch time. Seeking to escape the stuffy air of our berth, I carried it out on to deck. Once there, there was a rush for it like a Rugby "scrum." Black hands simply tore off slices of meat, or tit-bits of a gentler character. At the sight of us, I saw several steerage passengers turn ashy pale and run away. It was rough weather, and we were too much for them.

One day at about eleven o'clock, during the morning watch, my arms had grown unusually stiff with shovelling. It was a warm day, and people above were, I knew, lolling about lazily on deck. I was as usual perspiring heavily, and the great ship was going ahead at her full speed. The stokehold was hotter, murkier, and grimier than ever, and my eyes and mouth fuller of coal dust and grit.

For another weary hour I shovelled and wheeled, and then I told the second engineer that I had satisfied myself as to the work of the stokehold, and if there was anything further to learn on the subject, I would willingly accept the evidence of others. As for myself all I wanted just then was a bath and a clean suit of clothes.

For a solid hour I applied to myself buckets of water, and lather upon lather of yellow soap. I sent a polite note to the purser that he would kindly have delivered to the engineer's quarters a portmanteau that had been deposited with him at New York labelled with my name, and inform me what staterooms he had vacant.

At lunch time that day saloon passengers noted with interest the first appearance of a new passenger, a red-eyed, rough-skinned apparition, and told each other that I must be a very bad sailor indeed to have stayed in my cabin so long. I explained that I *was* a bad sailor—that is, I had been a sailor sailing under very bad conditions—and for the rest of that trip I gave the stokehold a very wide berth. Experiments in hard labour had better be made on the *terra firma* of one of His Majesty's prisons. From the amateur fireman's point of view there is much to be said for the climate of Dartmoor.

The "black pan"—the great treat of the stokehold hands—consists of the leavings of the saloon passengers' tables. When it is sent down by the steward there is a tremendous scramble for the items of the strange compound of meat, sweets, vegetables, and fruits.

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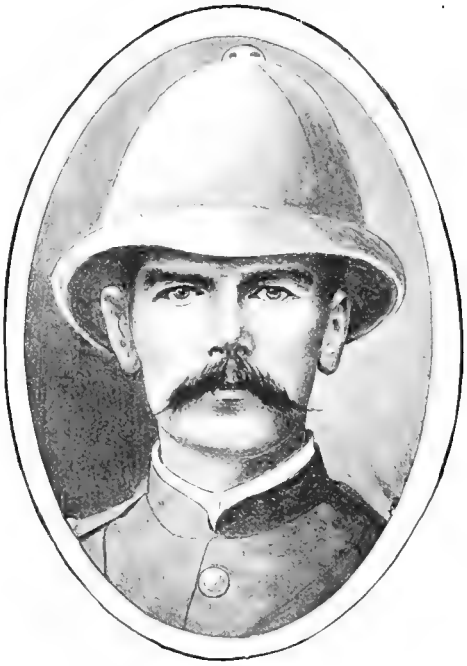
A Triumph of Craft.



By
Walter Wood.

Illustrated by
Stanley L. Wood.

Being another of Major Kay's Wonderful Adventures in the Soudan.

The authorities, who are occasionally discerning, had recognised in Hubert Kay a man of vast resource and value. His swiftness to adapt himself to circumstances, his cleverness in making plans and his skill in executing them, his power of overcoming craft and cunning in a land where men are born deceivers, had marked him for exceptional reward and favour. From Egypt he had been dispatched up country with a step in rank and the right to carry out his projects in the way that he considered best.

Kay held a document in his hands marked "Urgent and confidential," and he was discussing it with Maule, his second in command.

Kay read through the dispatch repeatedly until he had gripped its purpose, and then, in answer to Maule's look of inquiry, said: "That Deliverer again. He has sent round to his people and raised his banner for a holy war. The mud hut which he calls his palace is exactly twenty-three miles due south-west. Maule, we march to-night, with all our available men."

"You will take the place by storm, of course?"

Kay shook his head and laughed indulgently.

"No, no, my boy, these are not the days of Badajoz. For once your ardour must be put aside. This is more a case for finesse and tact than steel and bullet. There will be no medals or dispatches here—nothing even for the papers to tell lies about. Here are we, and there," pointing to a fort marked in small letters on the map, "is the Deliverer. I am going to catch my fish first, and then, perhaps, you may have all the blood and the thunder you like."

"What does the dispatch say?" asked Maule.

"Here you are. 'The Soudanese are rising. The centre of the disaffection is the Abou Shepped Fort, and the head of it is the person who styles himself the Deliverer and Lord of the Desert. The rising must be put down at any cost. On no account must it be allowed to spread. It is particularly necessary that the person be taken alive, so that he may act as a mediary between us and the hostile tribes. If necessary, he must be paid. If he cannot be captured, he must be destroyed. You have for this purpose plenary powers.'"

"Plenary powers, good," commented Maule, as Kay finished the dispatch and methodically restored it to the official envelope. "Personally, I'd hang his lordship upon the nearest tree, and leave him there as a warning to his fellow tribesmen who have anti-British leanings."

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"H'm, yes; I've no doubt you would, Maule. But, as I said before, we are not in the days of Wellington, and you must postpone your desire for undying fame. It is now half-past four. We march at ten-thirty to-night in the lightest possible kit. You understand?"

"Very good, sir," said Maule, and, saluting, he left the tent.

At ten o'clock Kay made his inspection of the little column, and at half-past the hour he was leading it through barren land towards the fort. During the night it covered fifteen miles. For twelve hours next day it slept and rested. Before the sun reddened the sky on the Thursday, the chief halted at the foot of a hill which jutted far out on a plain. On the other side, round the sweep of the eminence, was Fort Abou Shepped—a small town inclosed by a mud wall, in which were four gates.

It was about five hundred yards square, and rose abruptly from the plain. In the centre of the walled-in space was the residence of the Deliverer, a flat-roofed dwelling forming three sides of a square courtyard. Curiously painted devices and passages from the Koran upon its plastered front were standing proof of the holy atmosphere which this active enemy of the Government had created for himself. A straggling path led over the stony plain to the main-gate of the fort. This entrance was flanked by two small battlemented towers, from one of which an almost black sentry sent keen glances from right to left and in front of him, but saw nothing of the swiftly moving, silent enemy who had marched up and pitched camp within the shadow of the neighbouring hill.

While his force was settling down, Kay was reconnoitring the fort, invisible to the sleeping inhabitants within its walls, and before the column's early breakfast was served he was back and sharing it, clinching his plan of operations as he crunched hard biscuit and drank coffee whose only merit was its warmth. He refreshed quickly, then entered his tent and wrote some orders which he gave to Maule.

"Now," he said, "help me to change this khaki for the outfit of an Arab merchant. My face and hands are dark enough, thanks to this blazing sun."

Beneath his robe he carried, secure and easy of access, a revolver. For the rest he depended on his knowledge of the Soudanese and their tongue, and on the marvellous good fortune which so far had never failed him.

"How does it strike you?" he asked, when the disguise was finished.

"So far as looks go you are twin-brother to a cut-throat son of the desert," answered Maule.

"That is all I could wish for. Listen. Here is my plan—I explain it now in case I don't return. I am going, in the guise of a friend of the Deliverer and his fellow ruffians, to enter the fort and tell him that the British know of his intentions, and are advancing. On the pretence of friendship I am going to learn all I can about his strength, and then see what luck brings to us. I won't return to camp alone. By hook or crook I shall bring his lordship with me." Kay smiled as he added this sentence.

"If you are found out, sir, of course——" began Maule hesitatingly.

"Quite so. They'll be readier with the knife than the Koran. In that case, you can carry out your heart's desire. Storm the fort and hang the fellow to a tree. Don't leave a man alive, or one stone standing on another. Good-bye."

The tall figure stalked away from the camp. Maule marvelled as he watched him swing along, the embodiment of strength and confidence.

Kay was still a young man, with no family ties of any sort, and no love in the world except for his profession. A man of extraordinary physical endurance and mental power, he was a born leader of his fellows. A dozen little wars had made him what he was—a soldier of that new school which had come into existence under stress of circumstances—the school which adapted its fighting methods to its enemy's peculiarities and which recognised that the system which was good for machine-made troops was useless when employed against fighters who relied on the cunning courage which they shared with beasts of prey.

"The man has absolutely no fear," murmured Maule, as the chief disappeared. "He walks into the jaws of death as unconcerned as if he were entering a place of worship."

It was still early morning, and only a drowsy sentry on the main-gate observed the coming of the solitary figure over the lonely plain. He was an evil-looking Soudanese, and covered the advancing figure with his rifle.

Kay advanced to the gateway. Seeing that he was entirely alone, the sentinel lowered his rifle and gripped the hilt of his knife.

A dozen yards from the gateway Kay was challenged.

"I come to see and talk with the Lord of

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the Desert—at once, and alone," he said imperiously.

The sentry descended from the little tower, and opened the gate wide enough for Kay to enter. As soon as he was inside the fort the gate was shut, and, knife in hand, the sentry confronted him. His fierce eyes were turned on the mysterious stranger, scrutinising his garments, head-dress, and face. Kay looked steadily back, and the sentry's sullen lips muttered some reply to the request for admission. Then aloud he said:

"The Lord of the Desert is sleeping, and cannot be disturbed."

"If he knew that I come from over the plains, where the British troops are gathering, he would see me," continued Kay.

The sentry hesitated.

"If thy master cannot be disturbed, it is enough," added Kay, with affected indifference.

"Tell thy tale, and I will carry it to him," said the sentry sourly.

"I alone will tell him," answered Kay firmly. "If I may not, open the gate, and I will go back the way I came."

The sentry gave an evil smile. "It is easier for the wolf to enter the sheep-fold than it is for him to return," he said. Again his fierce glance swept from head to foot of Kay, and there was a flash of pleasure in the look. "Follow me," he said abruptly.

He turned his back upon the visitor, and led the way through the dark entrance. "I will lead thee to his door, and ask if he will see thee," he added.

Before stepping out to follow him Kay, remembering the sentry's smile, gave a quick look at his clothing, wondering if there was any part of his disguise which was faulty, or anything in his speech which could have betrayed him. In the gloom of the archway he could see nothing.

They passed into the light of an open space. His conductor turned again. For an instant his eyes rested on the front of Kay's clothing, and there was a gleam of cruel teeth. He turned his head away quickly, and Kay bent his own eyes to the spot at which the sentry had glanced.

Then he understood that the sentry knew him for a spy, for the robe he wore had opened slightly at the breast, and there was visible a space of tell-tale white skin.

When Kay raised his eyes he saw that the sentry was carrying his knife in his right hand, aud was keeping watch upon him.

"Thy mother was of fairer race than mine, said the sentry, and laughed.

Kay did not answer. His brain was fertile in invention, but was not equal to the peril of the moment. He knew that already, unless the unforeseen should happen, his life would be the price of his adventure.

Passing through a yard in which a few wild-looking men were sleeping and about a score of camels resting, and passing so quietly that the sleepers were not disturbed, Kay and his guide went up a steep pathway, on the right side of which was a low mud wall. As they ascended he saw that they were nearing the dwelling which was perched on the top of the hill inside the fort. When at last they stopped it was at a strong doorway in a wall which rose abruptly from the steep ground.

As the sentry knocked at the door his eyes were for an instant turned from Kay. Before the sound of the knock had ceased, and the eyes could be directed again upon him, Kay had sprung at the sentry, clapped one hand across his mouth, and with the other, his right, had struck him a hammer-like blow on the temple.

There was the clash of the falling knife, a stifled groan, and a convulsive movement of the sentry's body. But before the sentry could recover from the blow, Kay's arms were around him, and the senseless form was raised in them, and dropped over the low wall. There was a dull thud; but no cry or word of speech, and when Kay looked down he saw the figure lying where it had fallen.

He had barely time to stoop and seize the knife and hide it under his robe when the door was opened and an angry voice ordered him to enter.

Before the speaker could see who it was that he addressed, Kay had slipped into the room and shut the door behind him. His heart was beating quickly with excitement and the exertion he had undergone, but he controlled himself and faced his enemy.

Kay took the situation into his own hands. "Lord of the Desert," he began, "I have travelled hard to tell thee that the white-faced pig-eating British, the clay-coloured men with the big hats, are in readiness to march against thee."

Kay noticed that the Deliverer's eyes were wild and bloodshot, as if he had not rested in the night. He looked hard and distrustfully at his visitor, and his right hand sought the hilt of a dagger that was hidden in his bosom.

"I did not expect to see a stranger's face," he said. "Was it *thy* voice I heard at the door?"

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Kay had sprung at the sentry, clapped one hand across his mouth, and with the other, his right, had struck him a hammer-like blow on the temple.

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"It was," replied Kay steadily.

"And who admitted thee to the fort?"

"Thy sentinel, to whom I said that what I had to tell was for thy ear alone. But he was faithful; his knife was almost at my throat until thy voice was heard bidding me enter."

"Make way; I will have him with us while we talk." As he spoke, the Deliverer advanced a step towards the door.

Kay did not move, and the Deliverer, troubled and in doubt, halted. "Stand aside," he commanded, "or I will stab thee to the heart with this." He whipped his dagger out.

Kay almost smiled, and prepared to meet, in his own peculiar way, a sudden onslaught.

The knife, concealed beneath his robe, was secure from falling, and he raised his hands. "Thou seest that I have no weapon," he said. "What am I against thy own?"

"Get thy message delivered," ordered the Deliverer. "If it is for me alone I will listen; if it is not, thou shalt be handed over to my people. They are ripe for plunder, and may shear some wool even from a back like thine."

"The British," continued Kay, "are even now marching towards thee, and are not more than twenty miles from thy gates. If thou canst lead thy men against them, they may be overpowered and destroyed. But thy onslaught must be swift and merciless."

The Deliverer was startled. "Marching against me!" he exclaimed. "I have not declared war with them."

"They have heard of thy intentions," Kay assured him.

"I have no army to lead forth," vowed the Deliverer almost despairingly.

"No army," repeated Kay.

"That is to say," added the Deliverer hurriedly, "my horsemen left me yesterday to take my women and valuables across the plains, and I have not a score remaining with me."

Kay feared no longer. At that moment he felt a match for all the tribesmen left in the fort.

"They will return to-night," continued the Deliverer, "and to-morrow I will lead them out to meet these British. Thou, my friend, who hast warned me, shalt remain as my guest. Thou hast told me of my danger, and thou shalt direct me to the spot where I may meet it."

"If thou wilt come with me as far as the hill point—alone," said Kay, "I will show thee the place where thou mayst best await their coming."

"I do not know thee well enough to go forth thus," was the answer.

There was a cunning look in his eyes. "I will see that thou art well cared for. Who leads these dogs?"

"One Hubert Kay," replied the chief.

"The man whose breast is white with medals?" asked the Deliverer. "I have heard of him. They say he fears not anything on earth, and that he has gone through blood and fire in many lands."

"The whole world is the battleground of these British," replied Kay, not unmoved by this reference to his reputation.

"They say of him," continued the Deliverer, "that he is of lion heart and giant strength."

"I have seen him," answered Kay, "and know that he is of good presence."

"Thou also art of goodly figure," added the Deliverer, advancing towards Kay. "Hold up thy hands, so that I may see thee at thy full stature."

Kay did as he was ordered.

"Didst thou hear a strange sound when I bade thee enter?" inquired the Deliverer, whose hand was fumbling in his breast, to which he had returned his dagger.

"I heard nothing," replied Kay stolidly. He moved his right foot gently as he spoke to make certain that it was free. His companion did not observe the action.

"It was the sound of someone falling," continued the Deliverer.

"A stone rolling down the hill," suggested Kay, who had drawn his right leg up and bent it at the knee.

"Stones do not make a noise like that. Liar and spy! Thou art betrayed in everything but dress! Thou thyself art either the pig Kay or in league with him. See, already I have plucked the robe from thy breast!"

He rushed at Kay with his left hand uplifted and his right gripping his dagger. He tried to tear away the disguise, and to plunge the dagger into Kay's heart; but did neither. As he fell on him Kay shot his foot out and kicked the Deliverer like a ball into the far corner of the room. Then he sprang after him and pinned him in his arms.

The captive gave a groan of pain.

"Lord of the Desert," murmured Kay hoarsely, "if I am an impostor thou art a worse one. Try to cry aloud and I will drive this into thy bosom and deal with thee as I have dealt with thy sentinel."

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He raised the dagger which he had picked up from the floor.

He raised the dagger which he had picked up from the floor.

The Deliverer made no effort to speak or rise. He groaned feebly. Kay gave him time to recover from his shock, then raised him to his feet.

"Stand here in the light," commanded Kay, "and while I speak keep thine eye on this barrel. The instant thou failest me I will fire."

He presented his revolver. The Lord of the Desert quailed at its proximity, but remembered that he was in the heart of Abou Shepped, and that his people were within call.

"If thou shootest," he said regaining breath and courage, "thou mayst kill me, but thy own death will be only a matter of moments. Thou shalt be torn to pieces as the wolves tear dogs."

"I can keep this hole against all the people thou hast left," replied Kay. "If they come the first will make a barricade across the doorway, and for the rest—I have these." He nodded to indicate the dagger and the knife. "Besides," he added, "my troops are within rifle shot, and if I do not return within the hour they will storm the fort. Thou art fairly trapped. Come with me, and see me to my

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camp, and I will pledge my word for thy safety and fair treatment if thou wilt listen to the terms I offer."

The Deliverer reflected; then announced his decision. "I will go," he said. "It is the will of Allah."

"Good," said Kay. "Lead the way."

The Lord of the Desert rose to his feet, shook himself, and gave a swift look round. No help was near. The only thing he saw in the way of weapons, too, was the revolver. It was still in Kay's hand, and his steady finger was upon the trigger.

"Come," repeated Kay, "and remember." He slipped his pistol beneath his robe, and signed to the Deliverer to lead the way to the gate and on to the plain. Still he hesitated, and looked shiftily towards the corner where the struggle had taken place.

"If thou hast anything to bring, get it—but come quickly," said Kay.

The Lord of the Desert turned away, and without replying left the building, and led the chief out of the fort.

The Deliverer was next to the low mud wall, and as he descended the steep path he craned his neck and looked over. What he saw made him quickly withdraw his head, and he silently went down until the courtyard was reached.

Here the drowsy tribesmen cast questioning looks as they passed, but the Lord of the Desert was a hardy man in intrigue, accustomed to strange visitors, and his people, without too close a scrutiny, continued their apology for work.

Uninterrupted, the pair left the fort and emerged on the plain; but it was not until they were rounding the foot of the hill that Kay put away his revolver.

A sentry saw the two men approaching, and being a soldier who considered that all persons out of khaki were his natural enemies, prepared to challenge and shoot.

The quiet voice of Maule, who had walked up, stopped him. "Leave the matter to me," he said. The sentry stepped back, glad to be rid of his responsibility so easily.

The chief and the Deliverer advanced, and Maule prepared to go through an elaborate bit of acting that had been agreed upon with the object of preserving the disguise.

"Don't bother," said Kay. "He saw through me, and we've thrashed the matter out. Take his lordship to my tent, and wait while I get out of this kit."

Ten minutes later, khaki clad, he entered the tent and faced his prisoner. On each side of the Lord of the Desert was a soldier with fixed bayonet, behind him was an alert sergeant. Maule was in attendance to receive instructions.

"Now," said Kay, speaking briskly, "I demand the surrender of the fort and the garrison."

"I will yield neither," was the answer, very firmly given.

"Then I shall not leave one stone upon another, nor spare a man," said Kay quietly. "The returning horsemen will be destroyed as they ride on to the fort. They will fall into an ambush."

"It is Allah's will," commented the Deliverer.

"I wish the matter to be settled without the cost of a single life," continued Kay.

"My people do not fear death," remarked the prisoner.

"Thou shalt have five minutes to think," said Kay, and taking out his watch he counted the minutes as they passed.

The Lord of the Desert remained silent.

"Then the garrison must die?" asked Kay.

The prisoner nodded.

"And the horsemen who come back from the plains?"

"If Allah wills it," said the Deliverer, who had become impassive.

"The power of life and death is in my hands," continued Kay. "If I destroy the fort and all thy people, I shall not spare thee alone. I shall hang thee within sight of the fort."

The prisoner made no answer.

For the time being the chief was baffled. He had tried to work on the captive's fears, and the Lord of the Desert refused to be terrorised.

Kay determined to proceed to a last extremity. "Sergeant!" he ordered sharply, "go to Sergeant-Major Murray and say that I wish him to rig up a gallows at the corner of the hill there, well within sight of the fort."

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant, and ran on his mission, which was congenial.

"Let the prisoner see what is being done," added Kay, and the file marched him outside the tent.

Across the burning plain the prisoner saw engineers carrying poles and ropes. He saw them halt half a mile away and dig a couple of holes in the ground. In these rude sockets they planted two of the poles; a third they lashed across the top. A sergeant then looped a rope and flung it over the cross-bar, which was ten feet above the level of the ground.

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The gallows had been erected before a sharp-eyed tribesman saw them from the fort. The crack of his rifle roused his comrades, and they hurried to the mud wall from which the sentry had been thrown, and sent a harmless fire on the ground where the engineers and a company of infantry were standing.

"Bring the prisoner," said Kay, beginning to walk quickly towards the gallows, Maule accompanying him.

The two soldiers stepped smartly out, the prisoner between them, and the alert sergeant brought up the rear.

The Deliverer was taken to the front of the gallows and halted there, so that the men in the fort could see him clearly.

They recognised him as their leader, and the firing ceased.

"Now," said Kay, "I will give thee three minutes to choose between death and the mercy of the British Government. One," he added, when the first sixty seconds had passed.

He held his watch in his hand, and said slowly, "Two."

The prisoner made no sign of faltering.

At a signal from Kay's hand the sergeant and the privates placed their prisoner under the cross-bar, and the sapper sergeant deftly noosed the rope around the swarthy neck. He bent and took from the ground a cord to bind the captive's limbs. But Kay motioned him back.

The seconds' hand of the watch was nearing the sixty once more when Kay played his last card. "Stand clear of the prisoner," he cried, and the men fell back. Kay went up and said, in a low voice:

Kay noticed the effect of his words.

"Lord of the Desert, thou art a brave man. I will give thee one more chance. In thy house at the fort there is a little secret well."

For the first time the prisoner showed signs of real distress.

Kay noticed the effect of his words.

"I saw it when we struggled on the ground, because my foot was caught in it. It is the

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place where thou hast hidden that which is dearer to thee than thy life or women folk, or even Paradise—it is the Well of Gold."

"And what of that?" whispered the Deliverer.

"When the fort is in ashes the gold will be taken down to Cairo. It shall never be left for thy friends who may know of its existence."

"If I carry out thy wishes," said the prisoner, "will my treasure be left to me?"

"I pledge my word for that."

"It is the will of Allah—I yield," said the Lord of the Desert, and Kay stepped aside, ordered him to be released, and taken back to the camp.

"Craft has triumphed," he remarked to Maule.

"And this is the end of the adventure?" asked Maule.

"Not quite the end," replied the chief. "I have another card to play. Let my lord come in again; I want to reason with him."

The Deliverer re-entered the tent. "Thy gold has been restored to thee," said Kay. "More is waiting—if thou carest for it."

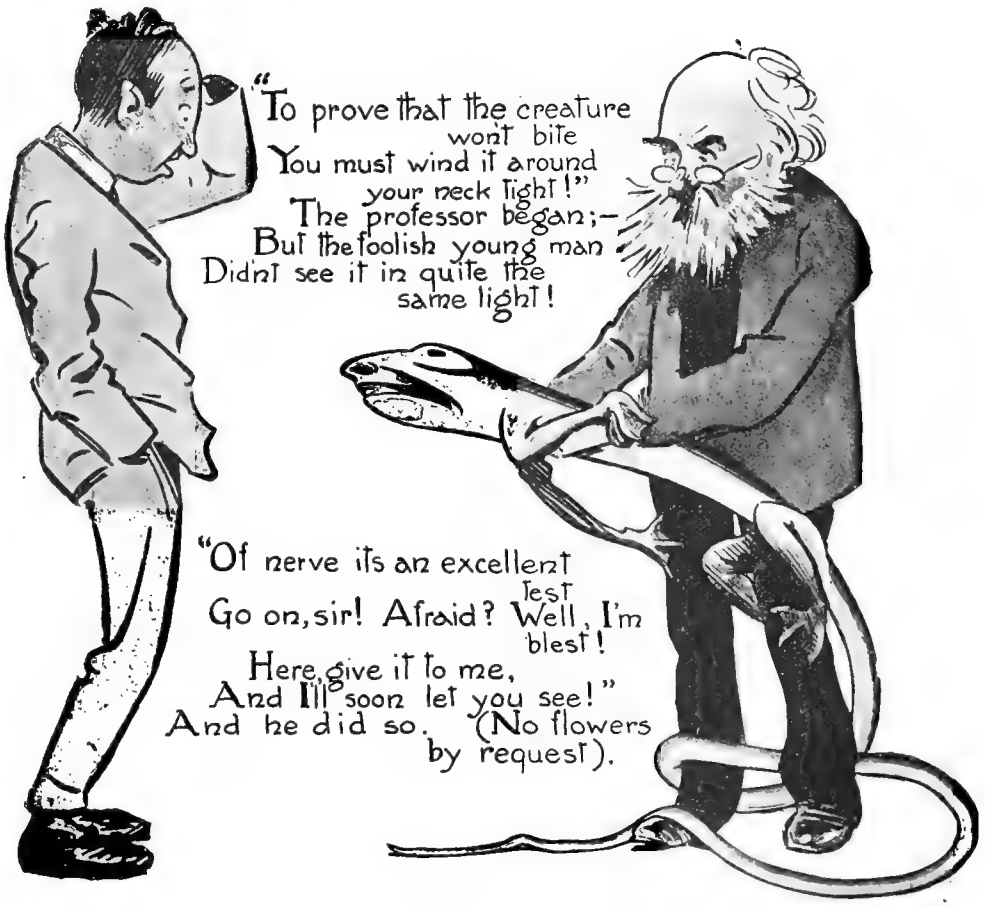
The captive's dark eyes glowed with avarice.

"So far thou hast got thy gold from the Land of the Bear," continued the chief. "They have many men and little money. We have both."

"Nay," rejoined the Deliverer. "The clay-coloured men with the big hats are few in number."

"But they salt the earth," answered Kay quickly, "and their gold is like the locusts—it is countless. I would make it worth thy while to give us thy men and take our money."

There was a long pause. Then the Lord of the Desert turned to Kay, and said: "I will come to thee with my people, and together we will fight the Children of the White Tzar. For they also are unbelievers."



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How to Walk.

How to Train for a Walking Race — What to Do and What Not to Do Beforehand, and What to Eat and What to Wear on the Day of the Race.

By Edgar F. Broad,

The walker— *Winner of the Stock Exchange London-to-Brighton Walk, May Day, 1903.* —and his trainer.

The Stock Exchange has started the walking mania, and all the world has followed suit. We hear of bank clerks, accountants, fishmongers, butchers—all classes training up for great walking-races, to uphold the honour of their professions—we should not be surprised to hear of a walking-race arranged for members of the Royal Family, or to read that the Episcopal Bench was considering a sporting pilgrimage from York to Canterbury.

Therefore, a few "tips" for would-be walkers—whether butchers or bishops—may be appreciated. The first point to consider is the all-important matter of "training."

Training may seem at first sight the abandonment of all the pleasures of life—but it is really a quest after one of the greatest joys of life—perfect health and strength.

In training, a distinct advantage is on the side of the man who is prepared to discard totally the use of tobacco, but as this is a very severe trial to many, let them reduce the number of cigars or pipes as far as possible, without making their abstention an absolute hardship.

To make an irksome task of one's preparation will probably do more harm than a moderate amount of worship at the shrine of "my lady Nicotine." Still, total abstention will reap its reward. It is the same with alcoholic stimulant. Let the man who has been accustomed to his beer content himself with a glass of beer with his meat meals, and, at most, a glass for a nightcap; and let those who are willing to abstain totally gain the advantage which is the just due of their self-denial.

One benefit that will follow from adopting these principles will be the removal of inducements to keep late hours. Court repose by 10.30 at the latest, and while undressing, stand in a foot bath of sea salt to harden the feet for the task before them.

You must take up, in place of the above-named pleasures, physical exercise, hard, healthy work, a vigorous preparation of the muscles that will be called most into play when the day of the race arrives, and the principle of early to bed and early to rise.

For a great contest, such as a London-to-Brighton walk, you should go into rigorous training for five weeks at least, five days a week, with week-ends thrown in. Here follows, in outline, the best possible training for a man who would enter a hard walking contest:

He should rise at about 6.30, and take a stroll before breakfast—a couple of miles or so at a leisurely pace.

Breakfast should consist of fish, or eggs, dry toast, flavoured, perhaps, with marmalade, and fresh tea or cocoa.

After breakfast, if the champion-to-be is engaged in business, let him walk four or five miles to his work.

Lunch, or dinner, should consist of a good square meal—a chop or a steak for choice, with mountains of green vegetables (no potatoes), followed by a dish of stewed fruit, or a milk pudding, and no cheese. By way of drink, water—or a glass of beer might do no harm when a man, like a true Briton, is fond of his beer.

Assuming that the walking champion-to-be is occupied in business during the day, he should, on reaching home, at once partake of a high tea, consisting of cold meat, with a plentiful supply of salads, varied with fowl, a fried sole, an ox-tail, or any other good plain article of diet, and brown bread at least a day old, or a couple of slices of toast—there is no need to eschew butter *totally*—and for drink let him take water, cider, milk or a glass of white wine. For my own part I select water, but the tastes of those who differ from me are entitled to consideration. I do not recommend tea in company with meats.

Directly after this meal he should change

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leisurely into a walking suit, taking care to put on light all-wool clothing next to the skin. A good rub down with embrocation will prove very beneficial, and five minutes should be spent on gentle massage of the feet, which should be coated with Perfectose or some similar preparation for lubricating the surface of the skin, and thus preventing chafing or blisters. Neglect of this precaution may cause serious trouble and put a man back a week or more in his preparation. The movements of the arms and legs will also cause trouble unless the armpits and insides of thighs receive their due share of attention by lubrication. At the beginning of my walks I tried tallow, but found that too heating, to the feet at any rate.

Half-an-hour will have been spent in getting ready for the evening's walk. Now a start may be made at an easy pace for an hour, not exceeding four miles an hour. Then the meal will have had time to digest, and the pace may be increased according to capabilities, up to five or even five and a half miles an hour.

The novice will commence with two hours' exercise nightly, and his improvement will render three or four hours' work no very severe task, but let him be in no hurry to reach this point—his feelings will be his best guide. If he is conscientiously training, and feels his work irksome instead of pleasurable, let him reduce its duration for a night or two. He must not imagine that he will attain championship form in two or even three weeks.

On returning, he should at once strip and enter a warm bath—not too hot, but just a shade over the surface-temperature of his body. A handful of washing soda thrown into the bath will prove refreshing, and its cleansing properties need no comment.

As an adjunct to training, cleanliness will stand a very close second to godliness. Let the body be lathered freely with good soap—I find pine-tar soap the most refreshing of those I have tried, but the number of good soaps is almost unlimited. Whatever it is, let it be antiseptic.

The right attitude, and position of arms and feet, for a brisk walk.

An incorrect attitude, the admirer of which will lose races and get easily fagged.

On emerging from the bath the athlete should have a thorough rub down with a rough towel, and then the assistance of a competent masseur will prove a marvellous boon to him. Every muscle from neck to toe should receive attention, and the longer the rubbing the greater the benefit.

The rest obtained during this massage will give the organs of the body time to prepare for the last meal, which should be of the lightest possible nature. Milk puddings, with fresh stewed fruits, almost any of the cereal preparations now before the public, or a bowl of bread and milk with an egg beaten into it will be found suitable for the purpose.

After a short rest, bed should be sought, and sleep should follow almost instantly.

For those who aim at attaining first-class form, it will be necessary to obtain some fast practice, whether on track or road, and they should therefore place themselves in the hands of a competent coach. In this article I am, however, addressing principally those who have determined to cultivate distance walking rather than track racing. Record breakers will naturally come from the class which most successfully combines the two methods.

At the end of five weeks our man is as hard as iron; all his muscles are in beautiful working order; his feet are hard; and he has no superfluous flesh.

Three days before the day of the race he must cease all training. He must now put on a little fat, by doing nothing beyond lounging, in order that he may have a little superfluous stock on his body to work off in the course of the race.

The great questions to consider now are, what clothes shall be worn, and what food shall be eaten on the day of the tramp. To take clothes first, it is essential that the athlete shall be warmly, yet lightly, clad.

In our changeable climate one must refuse, except during a settled spell, to give the weather twelve hours' credit. A bright warm morning may be followed by a cold drenching rain before mid-day, and the competitor who means winning must be prepared against the most unfavourable conditions. Therefore, as light

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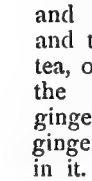
a costume as possible, of all-woollen texture, buttoning right up to the throat, and sewn to the stockings just below the knee, will prove a sure protection in case of wet weather; and provided the texture is light, will prove no hindrance in warm weather.

Don't on any consideration attempt a serious performance in new boots. Don't desert old, tried walking boots, with thickish soles, for a long road walk, with such soft leather above that the uppers do not rub the feet; wear cap and gloves, for warmth's sake, at the outset.

Now—and this is most important—before the socks are drawn on, let the feet and the inside of the socks be well rubbed with Perfectose. This is the best of all safeguards against blisters. But the athlete's feet should be so hardened by the nightly baths in brine—though not made so hard that they are liable to crack—that he should have no fear of blisters.

To take, now, the important matter of food on the race. On a long race, such as London-to-Brighton, every man should arrange to be followed on a cycle by an assistant, who will carry a basket of food.

The food should consist of such light refreshment as rice, custards, strengthening jellies, and perhaps boiled chicken—and the drink should be beef-tea, or, during the later stages of the race, either home-made ginger beer or Schweppe's ginger ale with an egg beaten up in it. Soda and milk is a thirst-quenching drink, but can hardly be recommended during the severe exertion that is called for towards the end of a race, as it is liable to curdle in the stomach, and cause unpleasant effects. The thoughtful attendant will take care that rice pudding is not immediately followed by grapes, or an orange by soda and milk.



Every half-hour in the course of the race a little nourishment should be taken; "feed in small quantities and often" is the golden rule. If a man grows fagged, refreshment should be administered by his attendant at quarter-of-an-hour intervals.

In the basket, moreover, there should be a bottle of champagne, as a stimulant to help a man over the periods of depression and doubting that are sure to come, and to give him, if necessary, the final flick at the last moment that will land him a winner. Champagne is the best of all stimulants—better than drugs, better than spirits.

Grapes, oranges, and pears may be found refreshing to moisten the mouth.

And one other matter deserves attention. A tramper should tramp to a pre-arranged time-sheet—that is to say, a little table should be prepared, setting forth the various stages and the times that should be allowed for each stage, so that the walker may know whether or not he is making the time that he should be making.

And now all that remains is for the day of the walking match to dawn, and I prophesy that the man who has faithfully carried out all the "tips" that I have given him will not be far from the first man to reach home

The attitude of a walking sprinter — arms swinging easily and legs straight.

How not to walk—the bent back causes fatigue after a few miles.

The boot for the walking racer—the sole is very thin at the toe and in front of the heel.

In the foregoing article Mr. Broad has described the exact method of training which enabled him to win this classic walking match from London to Brighton in the marvellous time 9*hrs.* 30*min.* 1*sec. for the* 52¼ *miles. The great value of this paper lies in the fact that Mr. Broad's method of training is a practical, tried method—the method that made him win. Mr. Broad himself is a city worker, and knowing nothing of walking, from a racing standpoint, he only began his training a short while before the race. This fact alone says volumes for the system he has described for the benefit of* ROYAL *readers.*

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SWEETHEARTS

I.

I remember 'twas December—
Yes, how clearly I recall—
'Twas so jolly 'neath the holly,
And the mistletoe and all;
Nought it mattered how we chattered,
I was nine, and he was ten—
Two went missing, we were kissing—
We were little sweethearts then.

II.

Wet the weather, two together
Met beside a trysting tree;
Then we parted angry hearted,
For we couldn't quite agree;
Hearts were mended, quarrel ended,
We were truest friends again.
Vows were plenty, he was twenty—
We were happy sweethearts then.

III.

In the gloaming thoughts go roaming
Back to days that dear have grown.
Hours of gladness, hours of sadness,
Both our faithful hearts have known;
Now we're tending towards the ending,
Only waiting Heaven's will.
Parted never, loving ever,
We are sweethearts, sweethearts still.

G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.

Google

Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

No. IV.—THE FIGHT IN GHOSTLY HOLLOW.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

Another Smuggling Adventure of Sir Nicholas Vyse—known to his Confederates as Captain Contraband—and Mistress Josephine Willoughby, the beautiful Girl who accompanies him on most of his Escapades. Sir Nicholas makes an extraordinary Wager with the Sheriff, and wins it.

The Sheriff of the county had come to hear of Captain Contraband's exploits, and being a man with a fine conceit of himself, he decided that he would take the matter in hand and settle it once for all.

And, indeed, the exploits of the Captain—known to a discreet few as Sir Nicholas Vyse, magistrate—and of a bonnie, dark-haired lass who shared his expeditions, had grown so notorious that they were the staple jest at dinner tables, where the liquor was all smuggled, at taverns, where the liquor was likewise free of duty, at roadside smithies where the country folk foregathered for a gossip. Some said he was the devil, of course, and the Preventive men rather encouraged this view of the case, since it excused in some measure their inability to catch him; but the Sheriff scorned such tales, and swore an oath that he would not touch Schnapps again till he had tried a fall with Captain Contraband.

As it chanced, Sir Nicholas Vyse—assiduous always in the performance of his duties on the Bench—had gone into the tavern of St. Thanes in search of dinner, after the business of the Petty Sessions was over. Two brother magistrates were with him, and they were laughing together at the batch of cases they had settled. These had been five in number—and the prisoners—all of whom were faithful rogues of Nick Vyse's—were summoned on the count of landing cargoes contrary to His Majesty's laws.

All had been acquitted, and Sir Nicholas himself, in a grave speech from the Bench, had pointed out the weakness of the prosecution and had rated the Preventive men for their carelessness in presenting evidence which no honest magistrate could take.

"Nothing like having a head for law, Nick," laughed one of his friends. "They were as guilty as ever men were in this world, but you tricked the law with your gravity. And why not? Damme, we all depend on 'em for liquor, eh? You do, Nick, I'll be bound."

"May be," answered Sir Nicholas with a curious smile.

"I do, for one. There's a queer flavour about liquor that has paid duty—a musty sort of flavour that spoils the palate——"

Sir Nicholas laid a hand on his arm and pointed to the door. "Not so loud, lad o' mine," he whispered. "Here's the Sheriff himself, and he's a great admirer of the law."

The Sheriff, big and pompous as of old, bowed ponderously to the three magistrates, explained that business had detained him in the town, and asked if he might join them at the table.

"Any news of Captain Contraband of

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late?" asked the Sheriff, soon as he had warmed to a discussion of the topic uppermost in his mind. "The rogue would seem to have been quieter since I took the matter up. Doubtless he heard that better men than Gauger Ralph were bent on capturing him."

The three magistrates exchanged glances, for the Sheriff's self-importance was a byword in the county.

"What do you propose to do?" asked Sir Nicholas carelessly.

"Do?" cried the Sheriff, as he sipped his Malaga. "Why, get a detachment of the military, to be sure, to hunt him down the next time I get information of his whereabouts."

"A good plan," assented Nick Vyse. "Yes, a very good plan. Perhaps, as he's been quiet so long, you will have a chance of meeting Captain Contraband quite soon."

"I'll lay you an even hundred crowns that he slips through your fingers, Sheriff," put in one of the others.

"Done," said the Sheriff, who loved a bet, particularly when he was sure it was a safe one.

"And I'll lay another hundred," cried the second magistrate. "The wager to be considered settled when you have made one attempt at capture, and failed or succeeded in it."

"Done," chuckled the Sheriff.

Sir Nicholas reflected for awhile, then, "I'll lay you a thousand to five hundred that you lose him," he said quietly.

"Crowns or guineas?" the Sheriff asked, in his large way.

"Guineas," snapped Nick Vyse. "See, I have noted down the bet, my lord."

They parted by-and-by, and Nick, as he rode briskly through St. Thanes and out into the cliff road which led to his cottage, laughed more than once with a cheerfulness not to be mistaken.

"Gad, 'tis droll!" he murmured. "There's more frolic in this double life than I could have believed. To think that tub of a Sheriff should sit there betting with Captain Contraband himself—telling the Captain how easily he was to be captured—boasting that he, the Sheriff, if you please, would succeed when all the Preventive of the coast have failed. My compliments, my lord Sheriff!" he added, lifting his hat with gay irony. "I shall meet you with great pleasure and your soldiers, too."

At the turn of the path he all but rode down a figure coming in the opposite direction—a tall, slim figure, walking with the easy swinging stride which spoke of constant exercise. In a moment Sir Nicholas had pulled up and dismounted; for this girl, who smiled so frankly into his eyes, though to the larger public she was known as Josephine Willoughby, daughter of a rich London merchant and Nick Vyse's nearest neighbour, was also known, to a smaller and more intimate circle, as Captain Josephine, whose exploits were associated far and wide with those of Captain Contraband himself.

With her was Ponto, the sagacious, shaggy, shapeless dog who, with Nick Vyse, made up a band of three which heretofore had baffled every ruse of the Preventive men. What Sir Nicholas lacked, of delicate *finesse*, was supplied by the woman's wit of Josephine; and sometimes, when neither the girl nor Nick could hit upon a plan, Ponto himself—clever as only a dog can be—would hit upon some exploit of his own devising, and would bring the enterprise to a successful end.

So Nick's eyes sparkled as he saluted Josephine this afternoon; and he laughed as he patted Ponto's yellow hide.

"So we are all three here!" he cried. "Come, Captain Josephine"—with a glance round to assure himself that no listener was near—"Come, I have a jest on foot."

He told her then of the wagers accepted just now by the Sheriff; and Josephine clapped her hands with childish glee in the adventure.

"We were to run a cargo three nights hence," said Nick; "well, I can send word to the Sheriff in an hour or two, and he will have time to gather a big company."

Josephine looked puzzled. "But do you mean—do you mean that you will really tell the Sheriff, or only put him on to a wrong scent?"

"I will tell him the real place and the real time. He wants a big fight, this Sheriff—and, by the Lord Harry, he shall have it!"

"And your men?" faltered the girl. "To you it seems a jest—but will they have a chance against trained soldiers?"

"I fancy that they will," Nick laughed. "Anyhow they shall know my plan, and reckon up the danger, and come with me or not, just as they choose. It is all in our favour if we win; for after one big attempt at capture, have you not seen how they leave us to our own devices?"

"Yes, yes. And your plan?" said the girl, with rising eagerness.

"My plan, as you call it, Mistress Josephine, is vastly hazy; indeed, in fact, I hadn't a plan at all five minutes since. One thing is plain, though—we must run our

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cargo into Ghostly Hollow. You know the spot?"

"You showed it me a month ago, did you not? A little hollow, with bushes growing in the chalk all up the sides, and a deep, narrow stream that rises in the cave?"

Sir Nicholas nodded. "We can take our boats right up the stream and into the cave. It is so pretty a spot for the purpose that we should run a tame cargo, Josephine, if 'twere not for the diversion kindly promised by my lord Sheriff."

"It is a very eerie spot," said Josephine hesitatingly. "Was it not called Ghostly Hollow because some smugglers long ago were killed there, and could not rest afterwards?"

"They say it is haunted, yes. But listen! This plan of mine is growing clearer — my wits seem always sharper when you are with me— and we'll fill Ghostly Hollow with something likelier than the phantoms of dead smugglers."

"Come, I have a jest on foot."

He told her then what he had in mind to do three nights hence; and the girl's eyes grew brighter as she listened; and, when he had done, she clapped her hands again.

"It will be glorious!" she cried. "And I —I may come to watch, even if I can do nothing?"

"No," said Nick Vyse bluntly. "There will be cutlass-play to a certainty, and there may be bullets flying; bullets are stupid things, Captain Josephine, and the dearest lass in Christendom is as likely a target for them as the ugliest lout that ever stepped."

"Then what is to hinder me from going to the Sheriff with the tale you have just told me?"

"Your own sense of honour. You're like a man in that, Josephine."

She swept him a mocking curtsey. "How wildly you can flatter a poor maid, Sir Nicholas," she murmured. "Well, then, I *could* not betray you, but I can come without your leave, and with leave or without I mean to do."

So Nick Vyse gave in, for the simple reason that it was useless to do otherwise; and at heart he felt a curious gladness that Josephine was to be there, for both he and the rough smuggler-folk had come to name the girl their "luck."

"'Twill be the biggest jest we ever played!" he cried, when they at last said farewell.

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Josephine raised her voice to encourage them.

"The countryside will ring with it, and our good Sheriff, I suspect, will hide his head in London. Hi, Ponto, contraband!" he broke off, in sheer boyish lightness of spirits.

The effect of that one word on Ponto was magical. Silent before, and rather grave, he began to bark at large, to put his nose to ground as if he scented good Schnapps, and to race up and down the cliff in wildest glee. For Ponto knew no joys—not even those of ratting in landward barns—to match the stolen delights suggested to him by the one word "contraband."

Nick Vyse laughed lightly as he got to saddle; and he laughed again when, soon after dark had fallen, he strolled down the cliffs to the knot of white-washed cottages which lay below his own. He knocked at the door of the first cottage and entered.

A comely, straight-built lad of eighteen or so was seated by the fire, carving the hull of a toy-boat from a block of wood. The lad took the pipe from his mouth when Sir Nicholas appeared, and touched a tarry forelock.

"I want you, Harry," said Nick Vyse.

"Ready, sir!" answered the lad.

"You're the most honest-looking of us all you know," went on the other.

The lad grinned pleasantly. "Looks is kittle, like women," he hazarded.

"Well, leaving that aside, I want you to go to Gauger Ralph to-night, and tell him that Captain Contraband runs a cargo into Ghostly Hollow three nights hence."

"Ghostly Hollow, sir?" echoed the lad. "It's fearsome spot to think of, much less to name; and only last night old Jabez down at the 'Admiral Nelson' was telling us how he was coming by one night, and he saw —"

"Saw what too much Schnapps makes many a good man see," put in Sir Nicholas. "The men must stop that kind of talk, lad, if they're to work for me, and you may tell them so. Now, here's a guinea for your trouble, and remember, when you tell your tale to Gauger Ralph, that you are to say the Sheriff, from what you hear, is eager to help the Preventive. That is all. Good night."

Nick Vyse, when business was on foot, could be curt and hard-bitten as if he were commander of a man-of-war, and Harry, half fearful of the man's severity, yet with a tempered joy in the guinea resting in his palm, set off at once for Gauger Ralph's.

The Gauger, warned by previous exploits, was not disposed to attack Captain Contraband with only the Preventive men behind him; and so when Harry—with his honest eyes and smooth, guileless face—mentioned that the Sheriff was interested, Ralph jumped at the suggestion. The next morning, accordingly, saw Ralph seeking audience of the Sheriff; and during the next three days great preparations were in progress, conducted with a secrecy which did not deceive Nick Vyse, but rather made him hold his sides with laughter.

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By the time that his ship-load of Schnapps and tobacco was due off the Kentish coast on the third night, indeed, Sir Nicholas had learned to a nicety the numbers and equipment of the Sheriff's forces. There were twenty of Gauger Ralph's men, armed with cutlasses and pistols—the latter more dangerous to their owners than the mark they aimed at—and there were fifty seasoned troopers, lately home from the French wars, with swords and guns that carried bayonets.

Against this array Nick Vyse had thirty men with him, and yet he went down to Ghostly Hollow to meet his comrades, soon as the moon had dropped, as if his enterprise was as little hazardous as dancing at a rout. The smugglers by this time were acquainted with the least detail of his plan, and they had welcomed it, as they welcomed any wild adventure that promised a fair chance of outwitting the Preventive.

They were savage, moreover, that the military had been called in; for it was an unwritten law of this hapazard smuggling-game that the issue lay between the Preventives and the cargo-runners, and that interference of the soldiery was, so to speak, a hitting below the belt on the part of the authorities.

"You're all ready, lads," said Sir Nicholas, as they waited on the edge of the stream that flowed through Ghostly Hollow.

"Ay, ay, sir, ready and waiting," came the gruff response.

Yet the cargo did not come; and as they stood there in the darkness and remembered the strange legends which centred round the spot, a vague uneasiness began to creep from man to man. Nick Vyse felt that it was so, and cursed the boats which should have been with them before now.

What if his plan were to fail, after all? Yet he had set his most trusted skipper in command of the ship which was to bring the smuggled goods from Dunkirk, and he had never known the man fail him yet. "Perhaps the wind was not just as favourable as he had thought," said Nick to himself—yet the delay, whatever its cause was, was working havoc with the courage of the superstitious seaward folk.

"Ay, it was just here I saw 'em, plain as plain," muttered one of the men—the same who had told his ghost story at the "Admiral Nelson" tavern not long ago. "Just here it was. The moon was shining fair into the middle of the hollow, and there were seven ghosts, I tell ye, trundling seven filmy barrels of Schnapps right up the beach. Ay, I saw 'em, and I ran with Old Nick at my heels from this to St. Thanes."

"Silence!" Sir Nicholas rapped out.

But the evil was done, and every man was quaking in his big sea-boots. Just then, moreover, a brown owl, high up in a tree that grew above the hollow, chose to hoot.

"I'm off," yelled one of the men. "The place just swarms with ghosts—just swarms."

A general panic had set in, and in vain Sir Nicholas cursed them, even striking right and left at their faces to inforce his lost authority. Nothing could have saved the situation, had not Josephine, with Ponto by her side, come down the cliff at the critical moment. In the half light she saw the men throwing down their cutlasses—saw them strike up the slopes in a panic not to be mistaken—and with her own quick wit she grasped the situation.

Careless whether she were heard by the military—doubtless lurking near until the boat came in and they could catch the men red-handed—Josephine raised her voice to encourage them.

"What is this, lads? Did the ghosts come and frighten you, knowing that *your luck* was late in coming?"

Superstitious in all things, the appeal changed the whole outlook of these men. They knew the voice. They remembered many an enterprise in which this girl had been, indeed, their luck. One by one they crept back shamefacedly, and picked up their scattered cutlasses; and Nick Vyse had cause for thankfulness that this wayward Josephine had chosen to share the dangers of the night.

"It was ghosts, not men, we ran from," muttered the man who had first taken flight.

"To be sure it was!" laughed the girl. "Hearken! There's the splash of oars. Now for the big fight, lads, and remember that we want no soldiers at St. Thanes."

They listened eagerly, and the muffled beat of oars stole through the night. Soon a soft "Ahoy!" came from the stream, and a soft "Ready!" answered it. It was the moment for which the Sheriff and Gauger Ralph—close-hidden at the entry to the hollow—had been waiting; but neither Ralph nor the Sheriff guessed that Captain Contraband was well aware of their near neighbourhood.

The Sheriff, backed by a mass of soldiery and Preventive men, rushed forward, sword in hand.

"In the King's name!" he cried.

Nick Vyse's voice rang back in answer—a

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voice so loud, so changed from the courteous softness of his speech at other times, that it was small wonder the Sheriff failed to recognise it.

"To the deuce with your King!" roared Nick. "I've supped with the Regent, and found him much like other men. Lads, make for the cave, and sharp about it! We'll hold them there."

The men who had rowed the boat here had already scrambled to land, and one and all made helter-skelter for the cave. Nick Vyse caught Josephine's arm as he passed by and hurried her to safety as fast as he could run.

"You were plucky just now," he found time to whisper; "but promise me you'll give these fools no mark to aim at."

Gauger Ralph's fat voice intercepted any answer which she might have made.

"We've got 'em in a blind cave," he cried delightedly. "I know every cave from here to Reculvers, and this is blind as a bat at noon-day."

The Sheriff massed his men about the entrance, and his heart beat high with pride.

"Captain Contraband, I summon you to surrender," said he, in the voice of one who stands—and knows he stands—the central figure in a gallant scene.

"There's a recipe for catching birds, my lord," came the answer from the darkness of the cave. "Put salt on their tails—but it may be needful to get near them first."

"Surrender, I say! We can starve you out, or we can shoot you down—and—by the King, I shall resort to the last measure if you do not yield."

"Starve or shoot, my lord, then try to salt our tails," came the same mocking voice.

Beside himself with rage, peevish as a child to find himself baffled even for a moment, the Sheriff ordered his men to present arms.

"Once more, surrender!" said he, in a hoarse voice. "One—two—at the word *three* we fire."

This time there was no answer from the cave. All was silent, as if thirty men, a girl, and a gay-hearted smuggling dog, had not found shelter in the cavern.

"*Three.* Fire!" roared the Sheriff.

A sudden sheet of flame cut viciously at the darkness, lighting up the cave-front; a sudden rattling din split up the silence into tatters. And still no answer came from the cave, not even the sharp cry of a wounded man.

"'Tis useless, my lord," said Gauger Ralph. "I know the cave well, and it takes two double turns a few yards from the mouth. They are all round the second corner now, you may depend on't, where a bullet at the rebound would fail to touch 'em."

The Sheriff halted awhile in great perplexity. Only two courses were open to him—either to enter the cave boldly or to play watchdog with his men outside and starve the smugglers into surrender.

The latter plan was in itself distasteful to him; it might prove to be a lengthy business, and, moreover, it carried no glory with it; yet, for all that, the Sheriff hesitated, for, though he had tried men with him, it seemed rash to enter in at that wide slit of darkness which marked the opening of the cave.

"Better wait, perhaps, and starve them out," he said.

"Nay, nay, my lord! Nay, nay!" protested Gauger Ralph, who had set his heart on bringing his old enemy to book at once. "You don't know Captain Contraband as I do, asking your pardon. He's as full of turns and twists and trickeries as a wild-cat, and if we wait to starve him out—why, he'll just find time to hit on some way of tricking us. They may have a store of food in there, for all we know, and the men, watching here for days, would get sleepy-like and easy to be hoodwinked. Nay, my lord Sheriff! The rat's in the trap, let's get him out, with your good leave."

The Sheriff saw the cogency of Ralph's advice, the more so as it marched with his own wishes. Hard things had been said by the military of the capacity of the Sheriff for these semi-military undertakings; here was his chance to show himself a warrior indeed.

"We'll charge. Fix bayonets, men, and light your lanterns, two of you," he said, his blood well up.

There was the sound of flint striking upon steel, then a yellow, smoky light showed in each of the two lanterns.

"Wait!" came the Sheriff's order, as he bethought him, even in the heat of passion, that great leaders should at all times show great caution. "Who knows but that these rascals have another body of men close hidden somewhere. Half of you go forward with fixed bayonets; the other half keep watch here at the entry."

None could say that, with all his faults, the Sheriff lacked courage, and he elected to go in at the head of the attacking force. Slowly they picked their way round the two sharp turns which Gauger Ralph had warned them of, until they reached the spot where the stream rose from out the chalky floor.

The path wound upward here, and they pursued it as fast as might be, though care

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was needful, not only from the unevenness of the floor, but on account of the smuggling forces ahead of them. At any moment one of Captain Contraband's men might turn as he gained a corner, and wait, and fire point-blank at them.

"There's no need to hurry, my lord," said Gauger Ralph in the Sheriff's ear. "We have 'em bottled as snug as kippers in a keg."

Yet the Sheriff was impatient. He did not relish this tramp through a cave whose roof was scarcely higher than his head; he did not like the yellow, flickering light the lanterns gave, which seemed to do little more than make the darkness manifest; still less did he like the silence which lay unbroken in front of the attacking force.

"We must be nearing the end of this confounded rabbit-hole," the Sheriff muttered fretfully.

"Not for a half-mile yet, my lord," said Gauger Ralph. "The cave is straight enough from here to the blind end of it, with no side-passages, but it's a long one, and we go uphill all the way."

"But where are these smugglers, man? What purpose can they have in going to the blind end of the cave?"

"Rats seek the darkest corners——" began Ralph jauntily.

But he did not finish his sentence, for the two men who carried the lights had tripped across a rope which stretched unnoticed at the height of their knees from the floor. The lanterns fell; and in the darkness Ralph and the Sheriff, too close behind to check themselves, sprawled headlong on to the fallen men, who, bewildered by the sudden shock, straightway fancied they were attacked.

A free fight followed, upon which, indeed, Nick Vyse had calculated; and soon the whole band of forty, excited and alarmed by the oaths and cries of the four men struggling on the ground, joined in and struck about them with their fists, for the space was too cramped to admit of cutlass-play or thrust of bayonet, even if they had ventured in the total darkness to use such at random.

At last the Sheriff picked himself out of the *mêlée* and roared an order to the men.

"Cease quarrelling, you fools!" he cried. "You are fighting your friends, do you hear? Get into marching order again, or, by the Mass, I'll have you cat-o'-nine-tailed for this night's work."

Wearied with the futile battle, no little damaged, most of them, in face and body, the men began to realise their mistake. Sullenly they formed into line again; and slowly, very slowly—fearing other ropes ahead of them—the company moved forward.

Once, as they neared the end of the half-mile the Sheriff caught a gleam, not of light exactly, but rather of a darkness less intense, at the far end of the cave; but it was gone as quickly as it came, and he thought his eyes were playing him a trick.

No one had attempted to find the lanterns, battered out of shape beneath the combatants in the late brawl, and accordingly Gauger Ralph, who was leading now by virtue of his knowledge of the cave, came sharply up against the wall of chalk that marked the blind end of the cave.

"Dang it, we're here, Sheriff—at the end —and they're not here," he spluttered.

"Impossible—impossible!" the Sheriff growled. So far he felt there had been little glory in the expedition, and his temper consequently was sadly frayed at the edges.

"*But it's truth.* We're here with rock in front of us, and rock to left and right; and there's no way we can get out—no way Captain Contraband and his lot could get out—save along the path we came by."

Bluster as he would, the Sheriff had to realise that Ralph was right.

"They're just devils!" said the Gauger with dreary conviction in his voice. "I've said so for a long time, and now I know it. Captain Contraband could creep out where a puff of wind couldn't, and his men take after him."

It was the turn of the attacking side to feel superstitious now. The darkness of the cave, the stale, damp odours, the soft, creepy touch of bats as they flew past, all helped to daunt their courage; and this last miracle overcame them quite—for a miracle it surely was, that thirty men should have been ahead of them a little while ago in a cave so narrow that only two could walk abreast, and that now these same thirty men should have vanished into space.

Weary and ill at ease, the Sheriff led them back; and he began to wonder if this game of hunting Captain Contraband were worth the candle.

Nick Vyse, the hunted, meanwhile was vastly lighter of heart than those who hunted him. When first the Sheriff had threatened to fire into the cave, and Nick had taunted him to carry out the threat, Vyse led his company at a half trot along the path. Not one of them but knew the way, and dark was almost daylight to their well-trained eyes. The delay occasioned by the firing allowed

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them a fair start; the slow march of the Sheriff's men increased the start, and, last of all, the free fight had given Nick time and to spare for his carefully-planned scheme.

They did not stop for a moment, for thirty men take time in getting through a trap-door, and time was everything just now.

"You left Jim Fleskitt at the trap?" Nick asked, over his shoulder, of the man behind.

"I did, sir, and he's steady as the Belle Isle lighthouse."

"Good," was all Nick said as he hurried Josephine along the last five-score yards.

When he reached what Gauger Ralph had named the blind end of the cave, he knocked with his sword-hilt against the roof, and an answering beam appeared of the light which was only a sort of lesser darkness. The beam widened, and Nick, with a low "All's well" to the man above, caught the edge of the woodwork to which the trap was fastened and swung himself aloft.

At another time he would have been the last to leave the cave, but Josephine was below, and none but he, Nick vowed, should put his arms about slim Mistress Josephine. He lifted her as if she had been a child, and she laughed happily to feel his arms about her and the night winds on her face. One by one the men followed, until the last had reached the open downs above the cave; and the shadowy light which the Sheriff fancied that he saw was the light that filtered down into the cave between the moment of the last smuggler's exit and the shutting down of the trap-door.

Jim Fleskitt, guardian of the door, was left to replace the sods and bits of chalk-stone above the door, lest one more secret of the smugglers should be given away to Gauger Ralph or another of his kidney.

"Come on, lads," said Nick Vyse. "There'll be half of them at the cave mouth, but we're thirty, and we shall take them by surprise."

In a dead silence they marched on, their footsteps muffled by the turf, until they reached the sloping brink of Ghostly Hollow.

"Now!" whispered Nick. "Shriek like the fiends let loose, and let your weight carry you clean through them. Josephine,"—this in a low aside—"wait here. We shall be back before you find time to feel afraid. Now, lads, ready?"

"Ay, sir, ay!"

"Charge!"

A sudden yell went up from thirty throats. The steep slope gave them impetus, and, before the soldiery, guarding carelessly enough against a foe they thought already vanquished, could recover their startled wits, the smugglers were upon them. There was no need to use the edge of their cutlasses, and Nick Vyse had forbidden it except in case of extreme need; the flat of the blade was enough, and through the starlit night there swept the rattle of broad steel on broader scalps.

It was over in a moment. The soldiery, not knowing who their foe was, nor how many the numbers opposed to them—daunted, moreover, by the fierce attack—just broke and fled; and those who were not held back, for shame's sake, from halting at the "Admiral Nelson" in St. Thanes, avowed that Ghostly Hollow had well-earned its name, and that a band of fiends, clothed in the blue light that sulphur gives, had driven them from strict pursuance of their duty.

The Sheriff and those with him in the cave had not had time to reach the entrance yet, and Nick Vyse, as soon as his lads came back from the pursuit, roaring with a merriment that would not be denied, ordered them to fill up the cavern-mouth with the great stones that littered Ghostly Hollow.

"'Twill save the trouble of dealing with them," he said laconically. "We'll run our cargo into Thyra's Bay, lads, and then come back and loose these gentry. They'll be gentle as lambs by that time, for they've had a queer night's entertainment."

It was a week later that Nick Vyse met the Sheriff in the main street of St. Thanes.

"Ah, a fair day, my lord?" he said airily, drawing the rein beside his victim. "Have you caught Captain Contraband as yet?"

"Then you've heard the tale?" stuttered the Sheriff.

"Oh, a mere rumour. I've been too busy duck-shooting of late to keep abreast of the times. You did try to take him, then?"

"Yes—and he walled me up in the cave. I'm sick of this Captain Contraband, for my part; if you're anxious for the county's credit, Vyse, you must tackle him yourself."

"I'll think about it," murmured Nick. "And, by the way, did we not have a little wager on the matter?"

Nick pocketed a draft for five hundred guineas; but he did not tell the Sheriff that he earned more than guineas and a mighty jest from that night's adventure. Why should he tell the Sheriff that Josephine, warmed by the fight and the swiftness of the escapade, had promised once for all to marry Captain Contraband?

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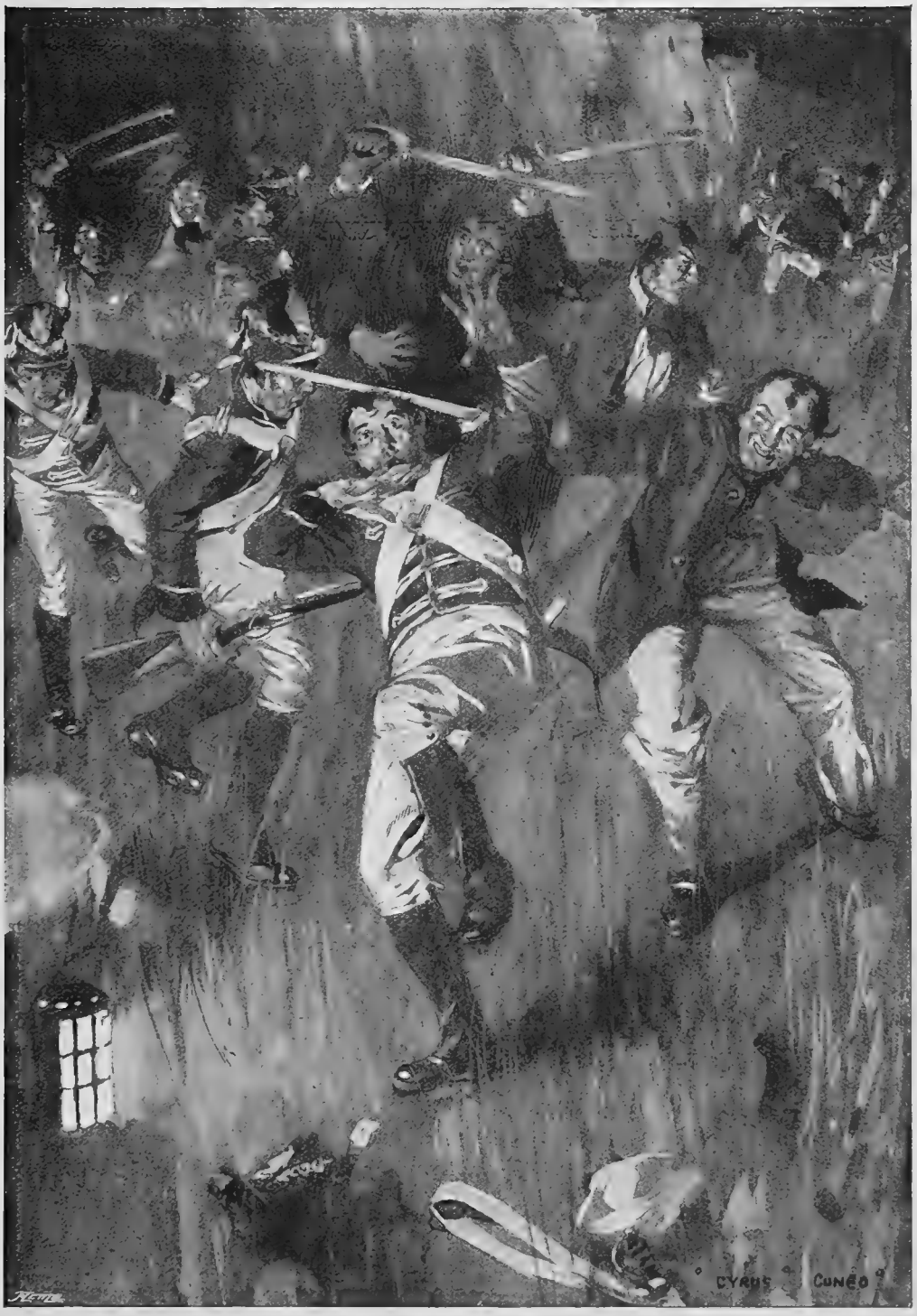

Through the starlit night there swept the rattle of broad steel on broader scalps.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

MR. X is still very gay and lively. Messages like these, which he tells me he is continually receiving—

"It is a pity that the Editor does not crowd out less bright and amusing features to allow another page or two to Mr. X."
"I am awfully glad that the Editor of the ROYAL got you to publish some of your puzzles. I think they are jolly good. I am a schoolboy, and I am always catching someone, either of our family or the fellows at school, with your catches—"

seem to have a wonderfully X hilarating effect upon him!

KIPPERED!

A.: "What does this mean?: '1/6 me a kipper'"

B.: "One-and-six me a kipper—it's nonsense."

A.: "No, look again. 1/-—what is that called in slang?"

B.: "A bob."

A.: "And sixpence—what is that called?"

B.: "A tanner."

A.: "Right; now guess it."

B.: "Bob Tanner me a kipper?"

A.: "You're getting near. It is, 'Bob Tanner sent me a kipper.'"

B.: "But where's the 'sent'?"

A.: "In the kipper!!!"

THE WHIRLIGIG OF LIFE.

Rags	**make**	**paper.**
Paper	**makes**	**money.**
Money	**makes**	**banks.**
Banks	**make**	**loans.**
Loans	**make**	**paupers.**
Paupers	**make**	**rags.**

NASTY!

JONES: "I say, Brown, you'll have to keep your eyes open next month."

BROWN: "Oh, indeed! What for?"

JONES: "Well, if you don't you won't be able to see where you're going."

Q. What do the Americans do with their meats and fruits?

A. They eat what they can and they can what they can't.

ANOTHER LESSON IN EVOLUTION.

A young man on his return from college was asked by his parent what he had learnt as regards logic. "I can prove to you," said the son, "that a pigeon is the same as an eel-pie." "Prove it," said his father. The son began:

"A pigeon is a pi-geon,
A pie John is a John-pie,
A John-pie is a Jack-pie,
A Jack-pie is a fish-pie,
And a fish-pie is an eel-pie."

"Very clever indeed," said his father, "and as you deserve a prize for your cleverness I will give you a chestnut horse." The son, very much pleased, followed his father to the garden. The latter going up to a chestnut tree, shook down some chestnuts, and picking up one, gave it to his son, saying: "Here is your prize, my boy, for according to you a chestnut horse is the same as a horse chestnut!"

TWO CONTRADICTORY CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why are good women like ivy?

A. Because the greater the ruin the closer they cling.

Q. Why are bad women like ivy?

A. Because the closer they cling the greater the ruin.

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

How much nicer it is to ride in a cab and think how much nicer it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk than it is to walk and think how much nicer it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk!

Quite a sensible remark, though you would not think it at first glance.

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A Request.

If you have a little time to spare Mr. X will be very glad if you will make up twelve sentences out of the words "select new events." No prize is offered for the best solutions.

What are the Missing Letters?

A ..... sat in his ..... grey,
Watching the moonbeams ..... play
And thus to himself did sing:
Thou ..... the brave;
Thou ..... the strong;
And the leaves with a ..... took up the song
of "John Barleycorn, my King."

The six spaces occupied by dots are to be filled with words of the same six letters, differently arranged in each case.

Three Posers.

Which is the greatest number, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?

Prove that seven is the half of twelve.

What is that which will go up a pipe down, but not down a pipe up; but which will go down a pipe down, but not up a pipe up?

Try This.

If you ask a person to write down in figures without hesitation the number thirteen thousand, thirteen hundred and thirteen, you will be astonished to find how often a mistake is made. Try it yourself, this very instant.

In what arithmetical tables are the following problems intelligible?

11711	1632515	6172231213
91511	2413127	3143181111
11131	4306126	10122140808

Obvious.

Sharp (*passing a graveyard or churchyard*): "Isn't it a strange thing—in that churchyard they only bury deaf and dumb people."

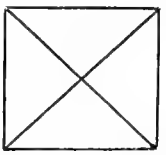
Flat: "What a remarkable thing!"

Sharp: "Well, are not all people deaf and dumb when they are dead?"

The Balanced Egg.

Can you balance an egg *on end* on a table? You will find that this is only possible if the egg be first shaken vigorously in order to break the yolk.

To Drive a Man Mad.



Show him this little diagram and give him a blank piece of paper, a pencil, and a mirror. Then ask him to draw this design, but in doing so he must *not* look at the piece of paper itself, but only at its reflection in the mirror.

An experimental trial of the feat will soon show why it is so maddening. After a few lines have been more or less successfully negotiated, you seem to lose all power of guiding the pencil. Try as you will, you cannot get it to go where wanted, and the diagram usually comes out something like this:

Nutshell Novels.

Everybody knows the tragic little stories:

Boy	**Boy**	**Little**	**Little**
Pliers,	**Gun,**	**Girl,**	**Boy,**
Electric	**Joy**	**Cherry**	**Pair of**
Wires,	**Fun,**	**Stones,**	**Skates,**
Blue	**Gun**	**Empty**	**Hole in**
Flashes,	**Bust,**	**Plate,**	**Ice,**
Boy	**Boy**	**Awful**	**Golden**
Ashes.	**Dust.**	**Groans.**	**Gates.**

The concentrated ingenuity of hundreds of thousands of Royal readers should produce some equally clever tragedies or comedies. Two prizes of Five Shillings are offered for the two best attempts sent to Mr. X by August 20th.

A Safe Catch.

An airship starts from the North Pole and steers due south for seven days, and then due west for seven days, its rate of progress being uniform throughout. What course must it now steer to get back to its starting-place?

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A unique circle of mushrooms twenty-four feet in diameter.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

The Editor Invites his Readers to send him any Quaint Photographs they have. He will pay well for them.

A WONDERFUL RING OF MUSHROOMS.

This is not a fairy ring. It is a colony of mushrooms, eighty-five in number, that have grown in this circular position. They form a circle twenty-four feet in diameter, and often grow like this in the State of Ohio in America—some very big, some quite small. The mushrooms in this photograph are very fine ones, a few of them being almost a foot in diameter.

READY FOR THE TROTTING RACE.

The horse shown here is called Albatross. He is a very fast trotter, and has won many races and pulled off many trotting competitions. He has a brave little rider, too, who can stick on his back when he is trotting. His name is Hydi, and he is as clever a little terrier as you will meet. Look what a beautiful long tail Albatross has. It is combed every day, and causes his groom no end of trouble.

A plucky little jockey and his steed.

A MODEL MADE OF SPONGE.

He looks like the typical old-fashioned country gentleman, doesn't he—John Bull of the caricatures, in fact? He is made of sponge—the ordinary sponge that you use every day in the bath. And I think that sponge is a very good thing to be made of. You see, it doesn't matter if you tumble down. You are so soft that you can't hurt yourself. But this dignified gentleman would not tumble down. He is very sure on his chubby legs. He costs £15, and is worth it, for he is over four feet high. In fact, he could stand on the floor and easily be able to look at you over the edge of the table. He took many weeks to make.

Just an ordinary bath sponge.

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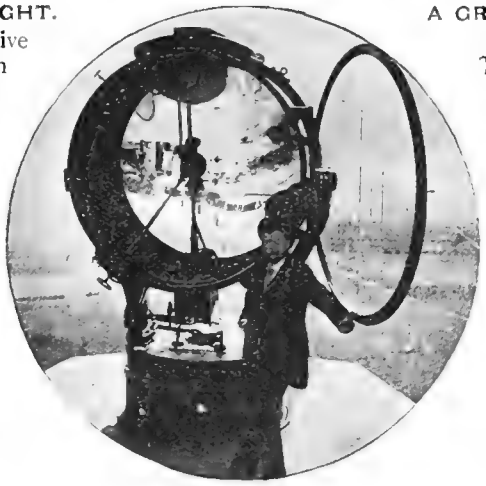
A BIG SEARCHLIGHT.

This searchlight can give a light of three million candle power. It stands on a hill on top of a huge base octagonal in form. The height of the searchlight itself is over eleven feet, and it weighs six thousand pounds. In spite of its huge size and weight, the searchlight is so well balanced that anyone can move it, even a child. It was built for the Chicago Exhibition, but its powers were never fully tested until placed in its present position. Perched on the top of the hill, its rays reach out for one hundred and fifty miles over the Pacific Ocean, and a newspaper can be read by its light at a distance of thirty-five miles.

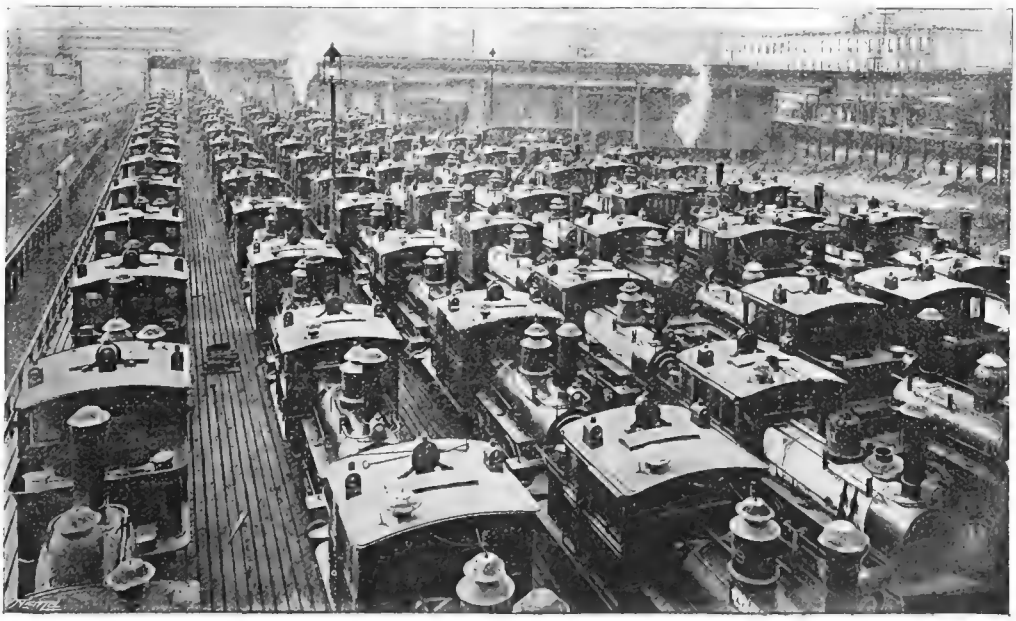


The biggest searchlight in the world.

If you turn this page upside down you will observe through the lens of the searchlight a distant view of a handsome pavilion and two or three people standing near. The view is wonderfully clear when one considers that the objects are reflected from a distance of many miles.

A GROUP OF DISCARDED ENGINES.

This shed contains thousands of pounds' worth of locomotives that were discarded by one of the American railway companies when they introduced electric traction. Three hundred and twenty-four of them were all put on to the shelf at the same time. Some of them were sold to other railways that still had a use for them, while others were simply left on the sidings to be broken up, and their component parts sold as scrap iron. Most of them were in very good repair when they were discarded, and brought in a good price to the railway company. But, of course, many thousand pounds were lost during the change from steam to electric traction. These little engines live, on an average, for twenty-five years, and their cost is about £2000 each. But nowadays anybody who wants one can get it for less than half its original price. In a few years the engines will be cheaper still.



Thousands of pounds' worth of discarded locomotives.

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THE WASHER-WOMAN.

A True Tragedy.

She wasn't a widow of fifty,
  Possessed of a permanent "sniff,"
Rheumatic, and lazy, and shifty,
  Whose breath had a spirity whiff;
But that was her careful selection
  Of what she most wanted to be;
And that was her dream of perfection—
  Her age, I should mention, was three!

Now, somehow, the Fairies got warning,
  And gliding on slipperless feet,
They left (about one in the morning)
  A charwoman's outfit, complete!
And waking, she pounced on her treasures,
  And hunted for something to scrub,
Till boldly despising half-measures—
  Her "nightey" went into the tub!

There entered her blundering father.
  He gazed on his charming young Turk,
Quite naked, bespattered with lather,
  And wholly absorbed in her work.
Then up to her side he went creeping,
  And gave her a loving embrace—
And madam at once fell a-weeping,
  And smacked her progenitor's face!

Of course, he was greatly astonished,
  And wanted to know what she meant;
But though she was sternly admonished,
  She wasn't inclined to repent!
On coolly and firmly defending
  Such conduct she chose to insist:
She told him "You spoilt my pertending,
  'Cos, womans who char' isn't kissed!"

Douglas Walshe.

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Timbury's Little Mill.

By Tom Gallon.

The Story of a famous Fight.

"When you can show me that you are a substantial man, and not a mere creature of straw," said Mr. George Bowman, with dignity, "I may listen to what you have to say in regard to my daughter." Mr. Bowman inflated his chest, and carelessly jingled the money in his pockets.

"But don't you think, sir," began Mr. Archibald Timbury nervously—"doesn't it occur to you that love is more than——"

"Love, sir! Fiddlesticks! I do not intend that my daughter—who has been brought up sensibly—shall entertain any such notions. Besides, I am given to understand that she has no great liking for you."

"I—I think you must have been misinformed," said Archibald, his face going white.

"You'd better ask her," said Mr. Bowman drily. "My daughter, sir, is of a romantic temperament, despite her father's training; she will be scarcely likely, I think, to take up with anyone——"

Kindness forbade that Mr. George Bowman should finish the sentence; his contemptuous glance at the small figure before him was sufficient. As a matter of fact, Mr. Archibald Timbury was not at all heroic in appearance; he might have been described by his friends as "delicate," and by his enemies as "weak-kneed." He was remarkably well-dressed, and his fair hair was parted with much exactitude in the very centre of his somewhat small head.

That love affair to which Mr. George Bowman, in his pride, had referred so contemptuously, had been Mr. Archibald Timbury's tragedy. He had been hopelessly smitten by the charms of Miss Julia Bowman some months before, at a chance meeting with her; but, being a very honourable young man, he had felt that, before approaching the lady, he should see her father; and had done so—with the result suggested above.

Mr. Bowman, from his point of view, was perfectly right. Archibald had an income which was small and fluctuating, and which depended on his keeping in the good graces of an uncle of irascible temper and uncertain intentions. Sometimes the young man was quite rich, from his own point of view; on other occasions, when he had fallen from favour, his pockets were practically empty.

Even with all this, Mr. Timbury could have braved the father's anger and contempt, but for that horrible suggestion that the lady might share the feelings of her parent. Pleading for an interview, Archibald received permission to see Miss Julia Bowman for five minutes.

"I will give you that time, and that time only," said Mr. George Bowman, examining his large watch. "After that, I demand that you do not see my daughter again until the present circumstances, at least, are changed."

Mr. Timbury submitted; and his second disturbing interview took place forthwith. It must be said that Julia Bowman was very sweet and tender to the unfortunate young man; but she gave him as little hope as her father had done.

"I had not expected this, Mr. Timbury," she said softly. "I am, of course, deeply moved by what you have said; it is my nature to be deeply moved on slight provocation. At the same time, I feel that there is much against what you urge."

"Take time, Miss Julia, take time," implored Archibald. "Perhaps you may learn to care for me when you know more of my character. Some people are quite fond of me, I assure you," he added.

"I do not doubt it," replied the lady. "But my objection nevertheless remains; you do not appeal to me as my real affinity should."

"Oh, you'd get over that," urged Mr. Timbury cheerfully.

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"I fear not," said Miss Bowman. "The man I marry must be one who, on the impulse of the moment, has done a great and wonderful deed, has hurled himself, as it were, into the very thick of things, and strongly and dominantly shown that he is a man."

"But I don't like doing that," said Archibald feebly. "It rumples one so."

"Until you can consent to be rumpled, Mr. Timbury, as you express it, there can be nothing between us," said Miss Julia. "Prove to me that you fulfil that ideal I have in my mind, and these arms are open to you."

So Mr. Timbury went away, and meditated for a day or two on the easiest method of suicide. Rejecting one after the other, as being too violent or too wet, he decided that he would live on—a picture of misery and misplaced devotion—until the heart of Miss Julia Bowman should be worn down to a condition of humility, and she should find out how great a mistake she was making.

In his despair at last he wrote to her; he implored that she would grant him a further interview, if only for a few moments, in order that he might urge his claims. After a maddening delay a little note arrived, in which the lady said that she would meet him, for the last time, in the shrubbery at the end of her father's grounds, on the following evening, at nine o'clock.

"Romantic to the last!" exclaimed Archibald, pressing his lips to the paper.

Now, whether or not Mr. Timbury had any hope that the lady might carry that romantic feeling far enough to elope with him, or whether he felt that, having once persuaded her, she might, in turn, persuade her father, it is impossible to say. After all, events must take their own course. With a very beautiful trust in all and everything that might happen, Archibald Timbury turned his face in the direction of his love, and set out to find her.

If ever you want to go to Plaxton Market, you will find that, although only about forty or fifty miles from London, it will take you half a day to reach it. You change at junctions, and get shunted on to local lines, and up sidings, and find yourself stranded at out-of-the-way places, with a wait of an hour or so.

When, finally, you get on the straight line for Plaxton Market, the train crawls and dodders along, as though the last thing it wanted to do was to reach its destination. If you knew Plaxton Market, you would regard the train as being rather wise than not.

Mr. George Bowman lived at a large house, on the outskirts of that dreary little town; and the large house was called, for no known reason, "Barn End." It was surrounded by very extensive grounds, and it was in the shrubbery attached to those grounds that Archibald was to meet Julia Bowman.

He took nothing with him. Having no definite plans, it was quite possible that he might return that very night, always supposing that he could get a train back. In the agitated state of his mind at that time, he could not think of anything so commonplace as a train—save that one which was taking him to the lady of his choice.

He changed twice on that journey; the first time at a little wayside station, where another train from the north was panting and puffing after a long journey. Mr. Timbury, occupying a second-class carriage entirely to himself, was surprised and a little annoyed by the advent of a gentleman in a very large and very voluminous ulster, with a cap drawn down to his ears, and with a bag almost as large as himself.

He was a small man, with one eye permanently closed, and a nose which, by violent collision with some hard substance, had lost much of its original beauty. He was accompanied by two other men, dressed in a very sporting fashion, and seemingly very anxious concerning the safety of the gentleman with the bag. The bag, by the way, bore in large black letters on one side the initials "B. K."

"Take care of yerself, Ben, there's a lot 'anging to yer," said one man anxiously, after they had assisted the little man in the big coat into the carriage, and had dumped his bag in after him. "They'll all meet yer at the uvver end, an' they'll treat yer as if yer was a babby. Not a word, mind, to anybody; an' wotever you do, ole pal"—this in a low, impressive voice—"go fer 'is peepers."

"You leave me alone," said the little man, in a surly voice. "If I don't know enough to knock out 'Beauty' Maggs in three rounds, well, take me 'ome and put me to bed. I can't say no fairer than that."

As the train began to move the two gentlemen, walking alongside, continued their earnest intreaties to the gentleman of the damaged features. Only part of those did Archibald Timbury catch; but they seemed to be of a kindly character, because one gentleman urged, again and again, that the man with the bag would put the individual known as "Beauty" Maggs "to sleep." Timbury was glad to feel that men of so rough a stamp could be so thoughtful.

Google

For a long time no word was spoken; then presently the man in the big overcoat looked across at Archibald with his remaining serviceable eye, and remarked upon the rawness of the evening. Archibald politely agreed with him, and inquired if he were going far.

"I'm a goin' jist about far enough fer yer 'umble this time," said the man, with a laugh. "I suppose now, guv'nor, you ain't ever set eyes on my chivvy afore—eh?"

"On your what?" asked Mr. Timbury mildly.

"Don't I speak Hinglish?" asked the man, with some fierceness. "I dunno' w'ere some o' you folks 'as bin brought up—s'welp me, I don't!" he exclaimed. "Chivvy—face—call it anythink yer like."

"I—I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting you," said Archibald politely. "You see, I don't go about much."

"Any day down Fleet Street you might see me 'anging up in a winder; blue and yeller is my colours, and I don't mind who knows it. An' ain't you ever 'eard of Ben Kitson, the fancy light-weight?"

"No, I don't think I have," said Archibald, beginning to wish that he had chosen another compartment.

"Some people don't seem to read the noospapers nowadays," said Mr. Kitson contemptuously. "Yus, guv'nor; I'm on a little bit o' business—on the ongtray noo, so ter speak—an' there's three 'underd golden shiners 'anging to it. An' I feel as fit—well, I'd like to 'ave a round wiv a porter or two, jist to keep me eye in!"

Archibald got a little further into his corner; it occurred to him that the little man might desire to "have a round" with him, failing a handy porter. He was quite relieved when presently the train drew up at a station, and he knew they would have to change again.

"I've took quite a fancy to you, young man," said Mr. Kitson, as he tossed his bag out on to the platform, and prepared to follow it. "We'll go on togevver, we will. I want ter tell yer abaht that time w'en I 'alf killed Alf Barcome; you'll enjoy that."

Mr. Archibald Timbury had his doubts on that point, but he said nothing. When, presently, the train which was to take him to his destination drew in beside the platform, Mr. Ben Kitson followed him, and threw his bag into the carriage into which Mr. Timbury had got. Fearful of giving offence, Archibald said nothing, but sat down, and waited for the train to start. In a moment or two, Mr. Kitson had a brilliant idea.

"I'll go an' get a toothful," he said. "They've kep' me off it this last month; but one more nor less won't do no harm, will it? Join me?" he added, as a free and easy invitation.

Archibald hastily declined, and the little man skipped along the platform in search of refreshment. Then it happened that that usually slow train did a very extraordinary thing.

Without warning of any kind, it gently began to glide out of the station. Archibald started to his feet, intending to call out to Mr. Kitson; but it was too late. A porter banged the door, shouted: "No stop before Plaxton Market," and Mr. Timbury realised that he was gliding away into the country, with the bag which belonged to the gentleman in the big overcoat on the seat opposite to where he sat, and that that gentleman was not in the train.

"I say, here's a fearful thing!" exclaimed Archibald, in dismay. "I do hope the man won't think I've stolen it. He seemed such a bloodthirsty creature. Fancy talking about half killing anybody? However, I suppose the best thing I can do is to hand out the bag to the officials at Plaxton Market, and let him call for it. I wonder how he got that injury to his face?"

Mr. Timbury, on that wearisome journey to Plaxton Market, slept. His dreams must have been pleasant ones, for he smiled in his sleep more than once. When finally the train drew up with a jerk at the little country platform, he sprang to his feet with a beating heart, and wondered what was to be the outcome of his interview with Miss Julia Bowman.

It was really a most remarkable thing, but a vast deal of interest seemed to centre round him. There were several men gathered on the platform—men of the type of those who had seen Mr. Ben Kitson off—and they walked along beside his carriage as the train slowed up, and nodded cheerfully to Mr. Timbury. Then the door was opened, and a gentleman with a very husky voice and a huge muffler round his neck, grinned at him familiarly, and touched the brim of his brown bowler hat.

"'Ere you are, an' 'ere we are!" exclaimed the gentleman with the brown bowler pleasantly. "Pass us the bag, sonny, an' we'll step it lively. Mum's the word; the blue 'uns is all over the country."

"Sort of blight, I suppose," said Archibald, wondering what these men wanted.

"I'd give 'em a stronger name than that,"

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growled the man, seizing the bag. "Now then, boys, close round."

"But, look here," exclaimed Mr. Timbury in dismay, "you've made a great mistake. Where are you going? I don't understand at all."

"Jist like 'im," said the husky-voiced gentleman, with a sidelong wink at his friends; "trust ole Ben to 'ave 'is joke. W'en they wrote down about 'im that's jist wot they said. 'You'll know 'im,' they says, 'by 'is innercent look, an' by the way 'e cods yer.'"

"But where are you taking me?" asked Archibald, as they began to move out of the station.

"You know—to the barn," whispered the first man. "Do you want us to blab it everyw'ere?"

Mr. Timbury's brain began to whirl. The mention of "the barn" set him wondering whether, after all, Mr. Bowman—a mighty power in that part of the country—might not have heard of his proposed visit, and have actually sent, in this rough and ready fashion, to escort him to the house. Mr. Bowman's property was known as "Barn End"; this might be a mere shortening of it.

His only wonder was why these men who accompanied him and watched him so keenly would persist in feeling his muscles, and occasionally slapping him genially on the back. Outside the station stood a cart, of a very ordinary country type, and into this Mr. Timbury was assisted.

"It's all arranged," said the hoarse gentleman, "an' the ole man is waiting for yer."

"Now, that's really very kind," said Archibald, smiling happily. "Do you know if he expects me to stay?"

"Stay? The ole chap tole me, on'y this arternoon, 'e reckoned you'd stay twenty rounds an' win on 'yer 'ead."

"I'm sure I hope so," said Mr. Timbury, a trifle bewildered.

"As for the Beauty——" began the hoarse gentleman in a whisper.

"I must really ask that you will not refer to the lady in that familiar fashion," said Archibald haughtily.

"You will 'ave your little joke," said the man, with a chuckle. "That's about the best I've 'eard. I must tell the ole man that. I ain't never met anybody like you before. I'll lay a pound you'll tap 'is claret fust round!"

"Well—of course, if he cares to offer me a glass of wine, I'm not likely to decline. Out of friendly feeling alone——"

"Oh—do stop; I shall fall out o' the cart, if yer don't," said the other, rolling about in an ecstasy. "I never thought it was possible for anybody as was a puncher to come out in this 'ere way. Glass o' wine! Well—I never did!"

They drove on in the gathering darkness, Archibald wondering more than ever what was going to happen to him. Save for that one memorable interview, he had no real knowledge of Mr. George Bowman; he thought it possible that he might be a somewhat eccentric individual, who had, in a hearty genial fashion, repented of what he had said to Mr. Timbury, and was prepared, in his rough way, to make amends.

After quite a long drive, they arrived at a tall, gaunt house, standing a little back from the road. This was, most decidedly, not Barn End; and Mr. Timbury began to grow suspicious.

"Here, I say—you've come to the wrong shop," he protested, when, having been assisted out of the cart, his bodyguard was thrusting him towards the house. "You've made some mistake."

"Not a bit of it; we know w'ere we are, if you don't. Come, 'urry up; everybody's a waitin'. 'Aven't I told yer it's all arranged?"

Thus the hoarse-voiced one, as he continued to shoulder Archibald along in front of him. They did not go into the house itself, but instead, turned off quickly a little to the left, until they came to a large square building in a sort of yard.

"'Ere we are—though it is a bit late. Now then, my boy. Jist a bit of a rub down, and you won't know yerself!"

They fairly ran him round to a smaller building at the end of the great barn; pulled open a door, and thrust him in. From the barn itself he could hear a great noise of shouting and whistling; could see, through the small door which communicated with the large building, a bright light showing.

"It's very strange," he said, as he sat down and looked about him. "Sort of house-party, I suppose?"

"Look 'ere, my lad, if you keep on givin' it lip quite so much you won't 'ave no breath left, w'en it comes to the show," said the hoarse gentleman. "Be funny in the right place, will yer?"

"But I don't understand," said Mr. Timbury feebly, viewing with astonishment the fact that one member of his bodyguard was down on his knees violently pulling off his boots. "Is there some sort of entertainment?"

"Will you stop coddin', or won't yer?"

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"Seems to have bin trainin' down a bit, to my mind. Look at 'is blessed legs!"

asked the man who was unfastening Mr. Timbury's boots. "I never see anythink like it meself—never. Open that there bag, Bill," he added.

The bag was opened, and from it were drawn out some strange-looking articles. In the first place, a sort of singlet; a bright blue pair of knickerbockers, very short; a pair of yellow socks; and, finally, a pair of soft leather boots.

"Now, wotever you do, boys, don't let 'im exert 'isself," cautioned the hoarse gentleman. "Peel 'im gradual an' easy. Ow' are yer feelin', sonny?" he added, looking sympathetically at the bewildered Archibald.

"Look here," said Mr. Timbury, with considerable heat, "I don't know what on earth you take me for, but in the words of the poet, I am not what I seem."

"Look here, young man," said the hoarse one threateningly, "we've got a seventy pound 'ouse, to say nuffink of the purse, an' you playin' about like this 'ere! You'd turn a man's 'air grey, you would. Come now, git yer togs off. Strip 'im, boys!"

Mr. Archibald Timbury hastily backed into a corner. "I tell you it's a great mistake," he gasped; "I'm not the man at all. What do you expect me to do?"

"Wot we expect you to do, young man, is to walk out under them ropes"—he jerked his head towards the direction of the barn, where the noise was increasing every moment

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—"and give 'Beauty' Maggs the knock-out, in summink under six rounds."

"I have no intention of fighting," said Archibald. "I tell you you've got the wrong man—and I won't."

"Oh, yer won't, won't yer?" exclaimed the hoarse gentleman, laying hands upon him. "Come, boys, orf wiv 'em; they'll pull the place down, if we keep 'em waitin' much longer."

Protesting, fighting, gesticulating, and pleading, the unfortunate Mr. Timbury was forcibly denuded of his clothes, and as forcibly dragged into those which he had brought in that unlucky bag. When finally he stood up, boiling with impotent rage, and yet remarkably cold by reason of his scanty attire, those round about him passed remarks upon his personal appearance which were not at all flattering.

"Carn't unnerstand wot 'e's bin doin' to 'isself," said one man, looking at him dejectedly. "Seems to 'ave bin trainin' down a bit, to my mind. Look at 'is blessed legs!"

"Perhaps, when you have quite done admiring me, you will allow me to resume my clothing," retorted Archibald hotly.

"We wasn't exactly admirin' yer," said the hoarse gentleman sarcastically. "It looks ter me, boys," he added, turning ruefully to the others, "it looks very much as if we'd gorn an' put our money on a wrong 'un. Bit weedy, eh?"

"Mind yer—'e *may* be all right," said another, a little doubtfully. "P'raps 'e's a dark 'orse, an' may surprise us at the finish."

"Yus, I expect 'e'll surprise us," retorted a third.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Timbury desperately, with his teeth chattering with cold and fear, "you expect me—from my costume—to do something extraordinary in the athletic line—probably a swimming entertainment, or tight-rope walking, or something of that kind. Let me assure you that I utterly decline to take part in anything of the sort."

If Mr. Timbury felt that he could win them over by humorous or sarcastic talk, he was mistaken; despite his protests, he was seized, and hurried towards the door which communicated with the barn.

The door was opened, and poor Archibald Timbury, propelled suddenly from behind, was shot into the barn, amid a yell of applause. He saw before him a small square space, neatly roped off, and well sanded; while all round, rising tier upon tier, was a great sea of faces; and—worst sight of all—in one corner of the improvised "ring," sat a man of the most villainous aspect possible.

It became evident at once that the term "Beauty" had been bestowed upon Mr. Maggs somewhat sarcastically. In face, he would have matched the gentleman of the damaged features, who had so unfortunately lost his train, pretty accurately; in figure, he was of the small bull-dog order—bowed as to the legs, and with his bullet head set well down between his shoulders.

He rose from his seat, as Mr. Archibald Timbury, assisted by a dozen willing hands, was pushed under the ropes and made to face him; and he grinned knowingly, as he noted Archibald's spare figure, on which even the bright blue knickerbockers hung loosely.

The hoarse gentleman dived under the ropes, and, removing his brown hat, explained to the waiting crowd what was to happen. In a few words he summed up the facts; that the great light-weight from the North of England was now before them, to meet an equally celebrated man, whose fame, though local, had already spread abroad.

A benighted and ignorant police force had declared that their proceedings were illegal; hence they had been obliged, gentlemen, to meet in this fashion, in order to see these two noble sportsmen have it out with each other, in a fair and open manner. The hoarse-voiced gentleman would appeal to those who were privileged to view this unique entertainment not to interrupt, and, above all, to see fair play, and to assist the management generally.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let it be understood that there was a purse of three hundred pounds, and that that purse would go to the man who succeeded in knocking out his opponent. The fight would be to a finish.

Archibald had fully made up his mind to address the crowd and explain matters; but they were already growing impatient. The gentleman with the hoarse voice had already been interrupted more than once by earnest intreaties to "cut the cackle and get on to business." More than that, before Mr. Timbury quite knew what was happening, "Beauty" Maggs had advanced towards him, and was solemnly shaking hands.

"I'm sorry fer you, young man," said Mr. Maggs in a whisper; and even as he said it and stepped back, something seemed to shoot out of him, with a large hand at the end of it, and that something struck Mr. Timbury smartly twice on the cheek.

"If you do that again," said Archibald, with what severity he could muster, after

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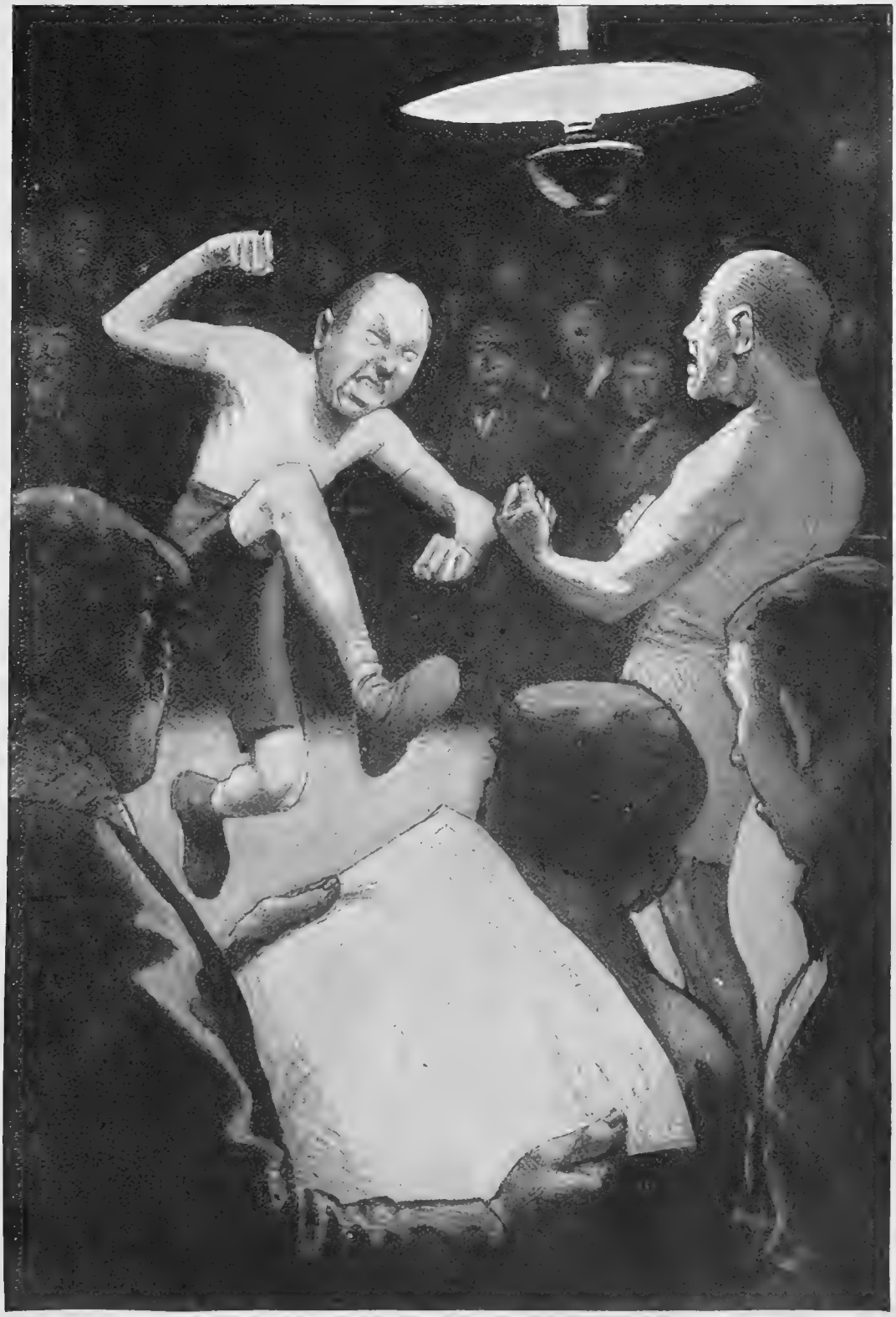

Archibald shut his eyes and dashed at the other man blindly.

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bringing himself up with a stagger against the ropes, "I shall certainly have to hit you If you think——"

"I 'aven't time to," said Mr. Maggs genially. "I'm out to enjoy meself. 'Ow's that?"

"That" was a resounding blow, fair on the nose of Mr. Timbury. The crowd yelled, and Archibald seemed to hit himself in several places at once on the sanded floor. But, incidentally, it may be mentioned that the crowd did not know what was in Mr. Timbury, any more than, probably, he knew himself. Something was roused in him that had not been roused before.

In a most surprising fashion, he got to his feet; in a still more surprising fashion, he made a rush at "Beauty" Maggs. It was wholly unscientific, and that perhaps accounted for the failure of Mr. Maggs to stop the rush.

Indeed, as a matter of fact, Archibald shut his eyes, and dashed at the other man blindly. But he hit out with all the strength that was in him, and nearly dislocated his wrist in doing so. When he opened his eyes he couldn't see Mr. Maggs anywhere, and there was a deathlike silence. Looking about him in a bewildered fashion, he saw the "Beauty" lying curled up, and looking rather ghastly, on the floor.

The hoarse gentleman was down on one knee beside Mr. Maggs, with a watch in one hand, and was counting laboriously. Archibald hadn't the least idea what he was doing it for, or what it meant; but he reached a number, and paused, and still Mr. Maggs did not rise.

Then the whole place seemed to break loose, and men came scrambling over the ropes, and insisted on shaking hands with Archibald—one or two, in fact, almost embracing him in their fervour. Finally Maggs was carried away, and Archibald, more dead than alive, was hurried into his dressing-room.

"What has happened—is he dead?" gasped Mr. Timbury.

"Dead!" said the hoarse gentleman contemptuously. "Not 'e. Young man"—he held out a large fist to Archibald—"I take back all I've said. You *are* a dark 'orse, an' no error. An' now I 'ave much pleasure in 'anding to you the purse you 'ave so nobly won, an' I 'ope——"

The speech was cut short by an appalling cry. It came from an excited man, who rushed in, panting, and ejaculated one word—

"Police!"

In a moment everyone seemed to be flying in different directions, and everyone seemed to be falling over everyone else. Lights were hurriedly put out; and, amid the blowing of whistles, and the running of feet, and the overturning of seats and boxes, Mr. Archibald Timbury found himself alone in the darkness. Realising that he was in very real danger, he hurriedly struggled into his overcoat, on which he happened to be sitting, and which was the only garment he could find at the moment; and, still grasping the small leather pocket book which had been put into his hands, dashed out, clad in that ridiculous fashion, into the night.

He never stopped until he had run quite a couple of miles; and then, panting and exhausted, and wondering what on earth was to happen to him, he sank down on a bank by the roadside; and decided to wait there until daylight.

Meanwhile, in the home of Mr. George Bowman, a certain small plot had been afoot. Mr. George Bowman had a son, an only son, of some twenty years of age, with sporting instincts. It does not concern us to know how he came to hear of that secret business at the barn; suffice it that it seemed to be wafted to him, as it were, in quite a natural way, by a whisper here and a whisper there.

Finally, a groom gave him the actual information he sought; and, in a wild state of excitement, Mr. Jack Bowman prepared to attend that little "mill," in which our friend Archibald Timbury was to be so intimately concerned.

Jack had a friend staying with him, a friend who belonged to the same college, and who was spending a week-end at the house of Mr. George Bowman. Breathlessly he imparted to this friend—a certain Mr. Clement Hatton—the news of what was to happen; secretly they set out to see the fun.

Paying liberally, they got in, and waited as impatiently as everyone else for the coming of the man who was to be matched against Mr. Maggs; with his entrance, Jack Bowman laid a hand suddenly on the arm of his friend, and gasped.

"Heavens! it's old Timbury!"

There was no time to say more. As has already been recorded, Mr. Timbury had to get to work rather hurriedly, and the fight was over in a matter of seconds. Then had come that alarming cry, and Jack Bowman and his friend had scrambled out into the darkness with the other fugitives. Going across country, literally by leaps and bounds, they came to that very spot where poor

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Archibald Timbury, in his incongruous dress, sat lamenting.

Mr. Timbury was half asleep. Added to that, he was very wet (for it had begun to rain), and very cold and hungry. He answered carelessly the questions put to him, as to what had induced him to occupy such a position.

"By Jove, Archie, you're a lion!"

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Timbury sleepily. "I'll be jolly glad to forget it."

"Finest thing I've ever seen," said Mr. Clement Hatton admiringly. "Only one blow, you know. It was wonderful. Why didn't you play with him a bit, and give us something for our money?"

"Play with him!" exclaimed Archibald wildly. "He played with me. I've never had such a riotous game in all my life. I hope he'll recover."

"We were there, you know," said Jack. "Saw it all from the beginning. Whatever made you do it?"

"Oh, just a freak, you know," said Archibald, smiling wanly.

"You caught him right on the proper spot—the peak of the jaw," said Clement.

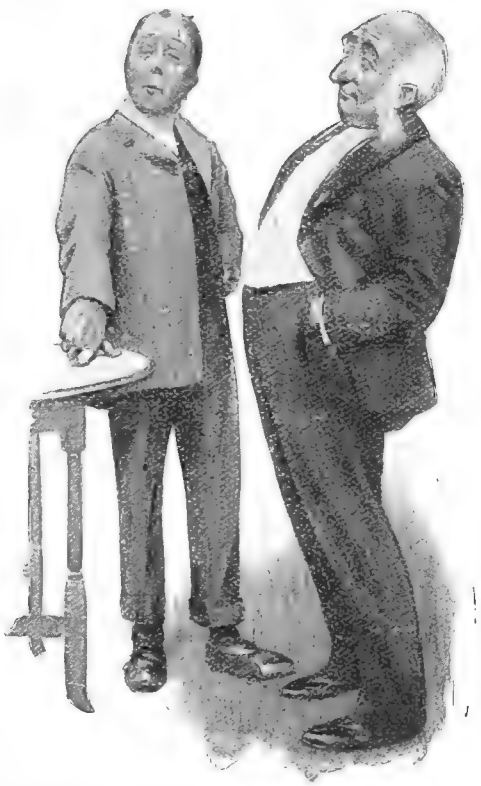
"Well, it wasn't my fault," said Mr. Timbury snappishly. "He was very rude to me."

"I say, won't Julia be pleased to hear of this!" began Jack enthusiastically. "She's always said, you know, that you——"

"I know—you needn't remind me," said Archibald. "To be candid, Jack, I was on my way to see her to-night, when this—this little business occurred."

"And you couldn't resist having a go at Maggs, eh?"

"Exactly. Now I should like to know what's going to happen to me. I've got practically nothing on, except an overcoat, and I really feel——"



"You appeal to me, sir, as one of the fine old fighting-stock, who were the makers of our great nation."

Naturally, it ended as might have been expected. The two young men insisted on carrying him off, then and there, to "Barn End," and there they lent him a more becoming costume than that in which he was arrayed.

The story leaked out. Mr. George Bowman, hearing it with starting eyes, sent for Mr. Archibald Timbury, not without some trepidation.

"I think you're all making a great fuss about nothing," said the latter. "It was only—only a little amusement, to pass the time, as it were."

"Mr. Timbury, I really feel that I have been somewhat unjust to you," said Mr. George Bowman impressively. "In a crude way, you appeal to me, sir, as one of the fine old fighting-stock—one of those original Vikings, one might almost say—who were the makers of our great nation. If only it were possible for you to show me that you were a man of more substance."

"Within the last hour or two, Mr. Bowman, I have—in quite an easy way—made a little sum; it may prove to you that there are more ways of making money than you imagine." With these words, Mr. Timbury carelessly laid on the table the small pocket-book, containing the notes, to the amount of three hundred pounds, which he had received in such an extraordinary way.

"But surely, Mr. Timbury, you don't earn your living in this way?" asked Mr. George Bowman, aghast, as he examined the notes.

"Oh, dear no," said Archibald, with a smile; "I—I only do that sort of thing when I'm short of pocket money."

That evening Mr. Archibald Timbury—an honoured guest—had an interview with Miss Julia Bowman; to judge from their attitude towards each other, it must have been perfectly satisfactory.

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A ROYAL VISIT

How Grandmamma Entertained Royalty.

A true and vivid Account of an actual Visit recently paid to a well-known Family of Title by two Members of the Royal House.

By Frances Clifden.

I.

I must admit I am glad grandmamma looks like a Duchess. So few Duchesses do, nowadays. So many of the young ones imitate actresses—only well got up and refined actresses, of course—but the flattering resemblance cannot fail to strike the discriminating; while older women are really more like—shall we say, caricatures of their great grandchildren?

But grandmamma is of the old school, and young men love her, and she loves being loved by them. That is why, although we are really dreadfully poor, considering what is expected of us, Royalty comes to stay with us quite intimately sometimes, and it is said that the present King—before he was made King—once declared he would sooner spend a week-end at Sandys than at any other house he visited.

As for H.R.H. the Duke of Kemplyn, I believe he positively adores grandmamma. H.R.H. the Duchess, to whom his attention is so marked, and who is a dear gracious soul, although so much more sedate and quiet than he, once confessed that grandmamma was the one woman in the world of whom she was afraid!

Between ourselves, I really believe that they threw out strong hints that they wished to be invited to stay with us, the other afternoon when we were selling at the St. Aloysius Hospital Bazaar. The Duke opened it, and the Royal pair stopped at our stall longer than at any other—so long, indeed, that the long *queue* of ladies in hot pursuit, presumably in the hope of discovering if Royalty wore the same boots and hairpins as themselves, waxed quite impatient. I was pinning the buttonhole, which H.R.H. had just bought, into his coat, when he suddenly turned to his wife, and said something in an undertone which made her smile, and grandmamma blush so prettily that she looked like her own old family portrait, taken when she was sixteen.

It was upon that hint, I am sure, that grandmamma wrote and asked them to spend the three days of their forthcoming Laleshire visit at Sandys. Of course, we could not suggest a time—that is one of the minor matters which makes invitations to Royalty rather tiresome, for they have to be left to name their own day or days, and one's own personal engagements are necessarily unhinged until the matter is settled.

In this case, however, all fell in well with our plans, and grandmamma and I at once set to work to prepare for what was, I suppose, a chance which most girls would have envied me, but for which, alas! I had but little heart. For if the man one loves has

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been sent away from one because he is too poor to be the husband of a comparative pauper like me, it doesn't seem to matter very much whether Royalties or regicides are staying, does it? Poor Dick!

II.

Laleshire is *en fête*, and Sandys village has gone completely off its head. The children's faces and heads have been washed and washed again until they shine like ruddy apples or newly oiled barber's blocks. For days past the villagers have been mending up their "Sunday bests," and to-day every cottage garden along the line of route from the station has broken out into an epidemic of Christmas tree flags and bunting.

For days past, too, at Sandys, we have been having our hedges trimmed, clipped, "hair-dressed," as I called it, after the most approved fashion. "Extra hands" in the gardens have been trimming the side-walks, etc., levelling paths in which the eye of an engineer alone (or a drunken bargee) could have detected the least irregularity, while the head gardener has become positively pallid in his efforts to produce out-of-season blooms in the houses—which, as a matter of fact, are looking quite their worst, for everyone knows that the shooting season is not the season of the most famous exotics!

Where the ways of Royal visiting were concerned I was hopelessly ignorant, and grandmamma had to explain things to me right from the beginning. To begin with, the list of guests is much harder to make up than one would think. So many pros and cons have to be taken into consideration. Fortunately, in this instance, grandmamma and grandpapa have always been especially exclusive, which fits in with the prejudices of the Royal lady, who has invariably refused to meet anyone concerning whom there was a breath of scandal. On the other hand, H.R.H. himself has a strong bias in favour of the witty and amusing, and his interests have also to be studied. His favourite quotation is the Queen of Roumania's famous epigram, "Contradiction sweetens conversation; it is for lack of this that Courts are so dull!"

Our own list for the proposed house-party was arranged with the utmost care, and subjected to the most rigid private censorship before it was actually submitted to their Royal Highnesses for their approval by my grandmother. As on former occasions, it proved to be eminently satisfactory, and it came back without a single name being altered or even an alternative suggestion made, much to grandmamma's delight.

From that time on, the moment that the news of the approaching visit was made public, we were besieged by newspaper people; quite piteous, some of them, in their demand for news. They hung about the lanes, watching to see if any, and if so, how many, extra policemen were put on duty; they took notes of every trifling alteration in the shape of a clipped yew hedge or the felling of a tree.

As a matter of fact, so far as guarding the roads went, we had only three extra policemen on duty during the visit; had it been the reigning Sovereign who was coming, we should, of course, have had many more, and detectives as well. But H.R.H. the Duke of Kemplyn is one of the most popular of princes, and so far from any likelihood of ascending the throne, that none but the most hardened anarchist could bear him any ill-will.

You will understand how thoroughly grandmamma belongs to a previous generation when I tell you that there is not a detail in the household arrangements for this visit, but has passed under her personal supervision.

The floors of the corridors have all been freshly bees-waxed; often, lately, the whole household has been astir and at work from five o'clock. This afternoon we drove slowly over the whole line of route, the six miles drive to Sandys station, I watching one side, grandmother the other, while going, and reversing this order on our return. Grandpapa, too, has been "nursing" his shoot with the utmost care, and the excitement that has prevailed in the stables has been quite funny. The head coachman, Graves, is an ex-cavalryman, and H.R.H. is well-known to be one of the best judges of horse-flesh in the land.

Graves and I are great friends. He took me into the harness rooms this morning, and pointed with pride. "There's the real cavalry shine on it all, miss—as His Grace himself remarked this morning."

From Mrs. Markham, the housekeeper, who has been given a new black silk gown for the occasion, down to Polly, the "between" maid, there has been an air of extra discipline for the last week. Sandys Castle is always run on clockwork lines, but I believe that if during this visit one meal were a fraction of a second late, or a particle of dust found its way into the furthest recesses of—Polly's bedroom, grandmother would never recover from the shock.

"Gentlepeople do not care merely for

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what is on the surface," she assures me. "We have to set an example, and in a careless age like this it behoves us to lay a double stress upon the importance of detail. At Sandys, I expect that everything should be perfectly orderly, perfectly cleanly, and perfectly appointed, so far as is possible with our limited means."

III.

Next night.

My brain is whirling, yet I think I am possessed of but one conscious thought—I do hope grandmamma was not ashamed of me! I saw her look at me, now and again, but I really believe on the whole I "acquitted myself creditably," as she would say, for the people who knew things pulled me through.

We had a busy morning sending into the station for first one guest and then another—a number had arrived by luncheon, but a few others appeared, in driblets, in the course of the afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses themselves came at tea-time, and with their arrival began my first lessons in the difficult matter of how Royalties are entertained—or rather, as to the peculiar customs which obtain in entertaining them.

To begin with, it appears that the master of the house must himself drive to meet the Royal guests at the station, whereas the lady of the house must wait at the front door to greet them. Grandmamma says that this is a little point of etiquette about which the oddest mistakes are made. Care has to be taken, of course, to insure the carriage being drawn up so as to enable the Royal lady to seat herself in the right hand corner, and red cloth is put down at the entrance.

The sending of the carriages is quite a large order, for the suite has naturally to be provided for. In our case, it consisted of a Gentleman-in-waiting, and Lady-in-waiting, with a maid and man respectively, and the Royal lady's maid and footman, and the Royal gentleman's valet and a loader, as this was a shooting party.

You will wonder, I expect, that I did not naturally know more about these small matters with which almost any "society girl" is familiar. But my ignorance was due to the fact that I had lived nearly all my life in the heart of Scotland, twenty miles' drive from the nearest neighbour, with the "minister's" wife and the doctor's sister my sole guides of information as to manners, except during the brief periods of our annual shoots, which, after all, in our benighted lodge, were composed mostly of men whose wives had, at the last moment, shirked the long journey.

While grandmamma was entertaining her other guests, preparatory to Their Royal Highnesses' arrival, I slipped away, as she had told me, to look once more at their rooms. The two bedrooms of Their Royal Highnesses themselves were, of course, the finest rooms in the west wing, which faces the prettiest view of the Park, and led out of each other.

On beyond, their sitting-room was really a dream. The Duchess is a very cultivated lady, and grandmamma had laid in a stock of the newest French and Italian literature on purpose for her. The room looked so homelike with its wealth of flowers and books and papers, so "lived-in" and graceful, with all the little personal touches which grandmamma's knowledge of the individual tastes of both her guests had supplied, that I did not wonder they liked staying at Sandys.

The Lady-in-waiting's room, too, was very nice, and, in addition to his bedroom, the Gentleman-in-waiting had an extra room placed at his service—a room we use generally as a library for that wing—with ample writing accommodation and plenty of space to keep the business papers which pursue the Duke even on his holiday.

As the Royal party entered the park gates, which are about a mile and a half from the house, the lodge keeper telephoned up to warn us of their arrival, and grandmamma took up her station at the entrance, looking more than ever like the portrait of her own great-grandmother, with her beautiful silvery hair dressed high, and her famous old Point de Venise lace carefully arranged by Elise's clever fingers.

When Their Royal Highnesses came presently into the drawing-room, of course we all stood up, and those who had not met them previously were presented. We all curtseyed, of course—what an ugly form of greeting this is, by the by!—and I hear that we are to do this practically on every occasion upon which, generally, one would shake hands—on saying good-morning and good-night, for instance, but not on entering a room in which the Royalties were, or at any odd times.

One of the minor points that had bothered me dreadfully, and about which I really was ashamed to ask, was the question of standing and sitting! Abroad, I had noticed how a Frenchman of any real social position, when meeting a lady in the street, kept his head uncovered until the lady told him to put on his hat again—and I thought, perhaps, that we ought to stand until we were asked to be seated. But I found that we ladies were

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expected to stand only when the Duchess herself was standing, in the way that one instinctively pays a small courtesy to almost anyone of higher rank or much greater age than oneself, and that when she was sitting one did just as one would have done under any circumstances.

After tea we all drifted off for walks, and the Gentleman-in-waiting, Captain Sheldon, falling to my share, I told him forthwith of the difficulties which I simply dared not confide in anyone else.

"You'll think me an awful idiot, I know, but I really have some excuse, haven't I? And grandmamma is so 'finished' herself that I know it would distress her dreadfully if I made some awful *faux pas!*"

When Their Royal Highnesses came into the drawing-room, of course we all stood up, and those who had not met them previously were presented.

Captain Sheldon laughed.

"Their Royal Highnesses would probably be immensely amused. They're the most simple folk. Don't you think what the outside world calls 'big people' usually have fewer airs and graces than the *nouveaux riches* who ape them?"

I shook my head.

"I know so little of anybody—of social lions or mice yet. Tell me this at least. When one addresses Royalties, personally, does one call them 'Your Royal Highness?' The other day, at the bazaar, I noticed grandmamma always said 'Sir' or 'Ma'am.'"

"That is the rule, in ordinary conversation. Or you can call the Duchess 'Madam,' if you like. But now and again it is polite to say 'Your Royal Highness' instead—you just chuck it in as a sort of sop to the ancient rigid laws of etiquette, which have grown so much less rigid of late years. You might say, for instance, if you were passing anything at table: 'Would Your Royal Highness have some grapes,' or something of that sort!"

Captain Sheldon was really an enormous help. He eased my mind as to the formality I had thought would be kept up, even in trifles, and which most certainly did not obtain! Of course, one or two obvious differences to general customs struck one immediately.

For instance, at dinner time, when grandpapa led off, as usual, with the Royal Lady,

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grandmamma at once followed him on the arm of the Duke instead of bringing up the rear as would have been usually the case. In leaving the dining-room, too, her exit followed immediately upon the Duchess's, instead of the general custom of the hostess allowing all other guests to leave the room before herself. She is to do this to-morrow night, too. There will be no "change" of partners for the two Royalties at this meal.

The other meals will be, of course, less formal. At breakfast and luncheon we ladies will go in together, and the men follow, just as usual, and the Duchess will breakfast in her own room, or not, as she prefers, just as any other guest would.

At dessert, I watched eagerly to see if it were really true that the old Jacobite custom of having no finger bowls for any but the Royal guests still obtained. Captain Sheldon told me that concerning this there were a great number of varying opinions, but the Duke and Duchess's own preference was in favour of all the guests having them, which was the case with us.

We have no gold plate, and, indeed, the houses in England which possess it are few and far between, but our silver plate is particularly beautiful, and we used it as far as the roasts for second course. I hate the look of it personally—it always suggests a dim flavour of plate powder! All sweets, etc., were, of course, served on china.

There was an awfully pretty little point which struck me particularly, when dinner was over and we had adjourned to the drawing-room for coffee. When it was brought in, one cup was brought upon a separate salver, and grandmamma handed it herself to the Princess. This is always done, I hear, and I think it is such a charming custom.

When the men joined us, we all drifted off for different amusements as usual, but the Duke and grandpapa, and old Lord Ainbrough and Captain Sheldon played bridge. I had heard a rumour as to "gold fresh from the Mint" only being allowed to pass when Royalty was present, but, as a matter of fact, in this instance no money passed at all, except a sovereign or two between the other guests.

I asked Captain Sheldon about it, and he said that next morning cheques would be exchanged, he having made "memos" as to His Royal Highness's losses and gains. The other idea is quite obsolete, having fallen into disuse owing to its obvious difficulties of accomplishment.

Oh dear, how sleepy I am! The Duke caught me yawning even before the move for bed was made. He is such a nice cheery old thing—not a bit like a "Personage." I was awfully ashamed of myself, and apologised very confusedly.

"If you mayn't yawn in your own home, in whose may you?" he said, laughing, and then added, with a twinkle in his eye, and a look in the direction of the old Duchess of Edlyn, who is a notorious bore, and who had just been button-holing him in a corner. "I was much more rude just now. I did it myself when I was talking to a lady, who shall be nameless—and she caught me!"

"But to His Royal Highness much may be forgiven which can't be in Betty Sandys," I retorted; and he laughed quite as if I had said something witty instead of about the most feeble remark which even I could have compassed!

IV.

A week later.

My terrors are over, and I have enjoyed these past four days so much that my only regret is that it will be so long before they can come again. Their Royal Highnesses were just the most charming visitors it was possible to have—far more considerate of their host's and hostess's comfort than any ordinary guest.

They went about exactly the same as other ordinary persons, taking part in games, walks, etc., with the rest of the house-party of thirty persons, and equally—and obviously—enjoying themselves. The Royal lady was an indefatigable Kodaker, and scoured the country for "copy," coming out with the rest of us to lunch with the guns in a little woodman's hut, full of shavings and planks, in Deadman's Copse. For telling a good story I have seldom met an equal of her husband.

I kept my eyes and ears open all the time, for I knew grandmother was secretly afraid that I might not do her credit. But she actually congratulated me at the last, and said I had "behaved beautifully!" There were lots of little points which struck me, and which I have stored up for use on future occasions—not that Dick and I—if we ever did come together by some happy chance—are the least likely to be required to entertain anyone of the least importance—far less Royalty!

One of the matters which had privately puzzled me was the question as to who should make the move at bed-time. But I noticed that, near the hour, grandmamma invariably said to the Duchess: "I fear Your Royal Highness is tired. Would you not like to go to bed?" or something of that sort.

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One cup of coffee was brought upon a separate salver, and grandmamma handed it herself to the Princess.

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Everything was done quite simply—but, of course, the Kemplyns are especially simple and natural people—I daresay Royalties of less importance might make more fuss and be more formal! Their social distinction is a fact so well recognised that there is no need to lay a stress on it.

They certainly went out of their way to make everyone feel at ease and natural, and any shyness which I felt personally was removed within an hour of their coming.

At leaving I discovered what I had, of course, guessed by myself, namely, that they gave their tips to the menservants through the Gentleman-in-waiting, and to the women servants through the Lady-in-waiting. A day later we received the most charming letter of thanks from H.R.H. the Duchess of Kemplyn, accompanied by a couple of excellent panel photographs of herself and her husband, framed in solid silver with initials and signed.

Grandmother was more delighted with the wording of her letter than with her present; I believe by the way she took it that it must be the general custom; indeed, had it been the King or Queen who was staying, I believe a far handsomer present would have been sent.

Well, they are gone now, and we have settled down to the ordinary round again. Strange, how dreary it all seems! The bunting is torn down, the flags are put away, the little village has relapsed into its normal state of work and routine. Our holiday-making is temporarily at an end. For the time being it took one out of one-self. But now one has to begin again, to realise once more what life will mean in the future without Dick. . . .

V.

Two days later.

I can hardly believe it. . . . I shall bless the visit of those dear Royalties all my days. It appears that H.R.H. the Duke took a most kindly interest in me from the first, and asked so many leading questions concerning my future that grandmamma eventually told him of the difficulties of my position with regard to Dick.

"It is a sad story, for she seems a faithful little lady," he said. To which grandmamma replied with her usual dignity: "Fidelity is the characteristic of our race, Sir." He said no more just then, but later on asked for Dick's name again, and then remembered how he and his father had been boys at Eton together, and remarked that he hoped to come across the younger Richard Musgrave in the future. At the time, grandmamma paid little or no attention to the words, but to day—to-day!

To-day is so much too good to be true, that I could hardly believe it if Dick's hand weren't in mine at this very moment. The Gentleman-in-waiting on H.R.H., Frank Sheldon, has just come into his father's property, and, the post being vacant, the Duke has given it to Dick! They have been like fairy god-parents to me, those two, and when I remember how much I dreaded their coming, it all seems doubly strange and inexplicable. At this rate anything might happen. We have set our feet firmly on the first step of the ladder of happiness; it will be our own fault if we do not mount to its summit. And to think that we owe it all — to — "A Royal Visit!"

Mistress Kitty Bellairs, the new heroine of "Pearson's Magazine," who breaks a dozen hearts a day and never loses her own.

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A Perilous Passage

How a Brave American Girl Reporter Did Her Duty Against Fearful Odds.

By Mary A. Dickerson.

The new reporter sat at her desk and looked disconsolate. Also idle.

That was what called the editor's attention to her. It was not proper for anyone to be idle in that office.

So the editor looked up sharply and called: "Miss Morris!"

The girl's face brightened, and she reached for her hat.

"Yes, sir," she answered, already half way to the desk, and in another moment she was out of the door, stuffing some copy paper into the little leather bag at her side as she went.

"Where did you send her, Staley?" asked the assistant editor, glancing up from the proofs he was reading.

The assistant editor was rather interested in the new reporter.

"Elopement—South Side," answered his chief shortly. "Not much to report, but it'll keep her out from under my nose for a time. I wish the boss'd stop sending me girls to break in. They're no good in the profession—no grit and no go."

Before he had finished the assistant editor's feet came down with a thump.

"Good Heavens, Staley," he cried, "you don't know what you've done! The strike's on the South Side lines. She'll go right into the middle of it."

The editor frowned.

"There," he exclaimed, "that's just the nuisance of girls. You don't have to consider a man. He can look out for himself. Oh, well, she's new. She'll turn back if she get's scared. Don't worry, Lawton."

But the assistant editor's forehead didn't relax its anxious lines.

"You don't know her, Bob," he said soberly. "She's in this business in earnest. She's got big ideas of doing things for the paper. She comes of newspaper stock, you know, and she's got all the traditions bred in her. She won't stop for the strike, and she may get hurt."

The editor was worried, but he wouldn't show it.

"Shut up," he growled, "and get those proofs read. If she's got any sense she won't get hurt. I wasn't hired for a chaperon," and he lit a long black cigar.

There was nothing more to be said, and Lawton subsided. But he was nervous.

So was Miss Morris.

She had not forgotten the strike. She had been reading all about it when the editor called her, and she knew from the afternoon papers that it was much more serious than the morning editions had admitted.

She also knew that her business carried her right into the heart of the trouble. But she never thought of turning back.

It was hard to find a South Side car. Few were running, and when one came the windows were broken and the conductor had a bloody handkerchief twisted round his hand.

A policeman who saw her getting into the car tried to stop her.

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"Better not, miss," he said warningly. "Them cars is dangerous. They're stoning 'em over there."

She shook her head.

"I'm not afraid," she said. "You see, I'm a reporter, and I've got to get my news."

"Oh, well," said the man, "that's different," but he felt very much as Lawton did, as he saw the car swing round the corner, empty except for her.

"She's got grit, all right," he muttered; "hope she don't get no harm."

And he tramped on down his beat.

But Miss Morris was scared. The conductor, glad of a companion, came in and told her of his woes, and when people on the street yelled abuse at them, he let her know how badly it made him feel. He seemed a decent fellow enough.

Once at a street corner some boys threw stones at the car, and Miss Morris, acting on the conductor's advice, sat on the floor.

But it made her feel foolish and ashamed, and she soon got up.

When they reached the market house some men tried to block the lines, hooting wildly, and a shower of rotten fruit and vegetables came through the windows.

One hard little plum hit her on the cheek and stung her badly, and a soft tomato squashed against her shoe. But she only laughed, though the disgusting things the men called out about her made her cheeks flush hotly.

But it was all for the paper, and the rest of the ride was soon over. When they reached her street she said "good-bye" to the conductor and got off, feeling very brave and elated.

She hoped the editor would know some time how she had had to get her copy. For get it she did, and a picture of the eloping couple to boot.

Only a queer little photograph printed on tin, taken at some picnic, but priceless to a reporter. And, overjoyed with her success, she started back.

It was well on in the afternoon, and she had to wait for a long time before a car came by. It was empty, of course, and the driver stared when she held up her hand.

But she smiled and nodded, and he broke into a broad grin as he turned his controller round and stopped the car.

"Sure you want to get in, miss?" he called out. "You may see some trouble."

"Sure," she answered. "I came up all right, and it was rather fun."

She climbed herself in, and went up front with the driver.

She liked his looks. He was strong and cheerful. But the conductor was slouching and unpleasant.

More people were in the streets now, and even the women called her names as the car went by.

But no one threw anything at all, and Miss Morris was beginning to think that the ride home would be the least eventful of the two when suddenly they rounded the corner by the market house again, and she knew that here was danger.

The labouring men were coming home, and crowds of them were gathered on the pavements.

A great dray was drawn up right across the track, and when the driver rang his bell the occupant only leaned out and jeered, while the crowd yelled wildly.

Slowly the car came to a stop just as the horses, half from habit, moved of their own accord at the sound of the warning clang, and the dray swung off the line.

The drayman leaned over to lash the beasts back again, but the car had already gathered headway, and the driver laughed.

It was like fire to powder.

Every man there sympathised with the strikers. No one should laugh at them. And with one wild yell they were over the kerbstones and across the line.

"Quick," yelled the driver to the girl behind him. "They're going to throw! Get down."

But she was already crouched between the seats.

There was a crash above her, and a stone fell on her skirt. She brushed the bits of glass from her hair and crept closer to the door.

Surely the driver could go on. All about them were the cries of the men, and she could feel the heavy car rock as they pushed their way forward.

More glass was falling. And then an egg came flying through the air and hit the driver on the head before it smashed. The crowd broke into a wild cheer, and Miss Morris shivered.

From where she crouched she could see the driver's hand on the wheel and the brake. The car was moving very slowly, and she could make out the motions that controlled it, and found herself comprehending them as she had never done before.

The conductor was flat on the floor behind her, with his head under the seat, and all of

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She sent the car whizzing over the track, regardless of the people who ran and stared and shouted at her.

Google

a sudden it seemed cruel to her that the driver was fighting up there all alone.

The car lurched suddenly forward. The driver must have seen some opening and taken quick advantage, for the crowd yelled wildly and made a savage rush forward.

There were hundreds of men about the car, and she could see their faces when she looked up at the windows.

The driver pushed off a man who tried to spring up beside him, and the man fell. Instantly there was a still louder cry, and another stone, larger than the others, fell near her.

It had hit the driver—full between the eyes.

She saw his hands falter on the wheel, and the red blood that splashed from the wound. In a moment she forgot her fear—forgot everything except that a man was hurt.

She jumped up and out, pushing him behind her, so that he fell, a huddled heap, upon the floor, and she stood upright in his place, her hand on the controller where his had been, her skirts half covering him from the angry mob.

For a moment the men were silent from utter astonishment, and she knew the worth of the silence.

"Get out of the way there!" she called, her high girl's voice reaching far out over the crowd. "Get out of the way, and let this car pass! Cowards—you cowards—so many against one man! Go, or I'll run you down! I've warned you! I mean it! I've got the power, and I mean to use it! Go, go, go!" and her heel struck sharply against the gong, sending out the warning clang the men knew so well.

It seemed to rouse them from their astonishment.

"Ah, shut up!" cried a voice. "It's only a girl. Don't let her scare you!"

And a stone hit her hat and knocked it over one ear. But she never flinched.

"Go, go, go!" she called again. "If anyone's hurt, don't blame me."

And without another word she turned the controller round, loosened the brakes, and the great car started forward with a bound, the men leaping away from the lines with shrieks and oaths as it rushed upon them.

She knew some fell, but none went beneath the wheels. Of that she was certain, and she stood grimly at her post, her eyes glancing from side to side, even after the market house was left behind and the sound of the mob was dim in her ears.

She dared not look back. She feared the driver was dead. She sent the car whizzing over the track, regardless of the people who ran and stared and shouted at her.

She saw them stop and heard them, too, but she was hurrying for help. She was going to the paper.

The line ran by the office door. She never thought of the other lines, and nearly had a collision.

She was sobbing now, and the tears almost blinded her. When they fell on her hands she remembered the blood that had fallen on the driver's strong fingers, and shuddered as she shook them away.

And then suddenly she heard her name, and knew a man was running close beside the car.

Mechanically she twisted at the brakes, and the car slid slower, slower, till it stopped just beyond the office door, as Lawton, breathless, clambered up beside her.

"Miss Morris!" he gasped. "For Heaven's sake, what is it? Are you hurt? What happened?"

She pointed to the man behind. He was groaning slightly

"They—they tried to kill him," she said shrilly, "and I had to take his place. That's all."

And then, as Staley's face, white and frightened, appeared at the door of the car, she attempted to draw herself up proudly as she handed him the little battered tintype.

"Here is the picture, Mr. Staley," she said. "And I'll—I'll write the article—this ——" and fell towards the door just as Staley caught her.

Even then Lawton stopped long enough to say: "Well, Bob, what about girls now?"

And Staley answered grimly as she gasped back to consciousness: "I wish this one was a man. She'd make her mark—then."

But that was not what he said to Miss Morris.

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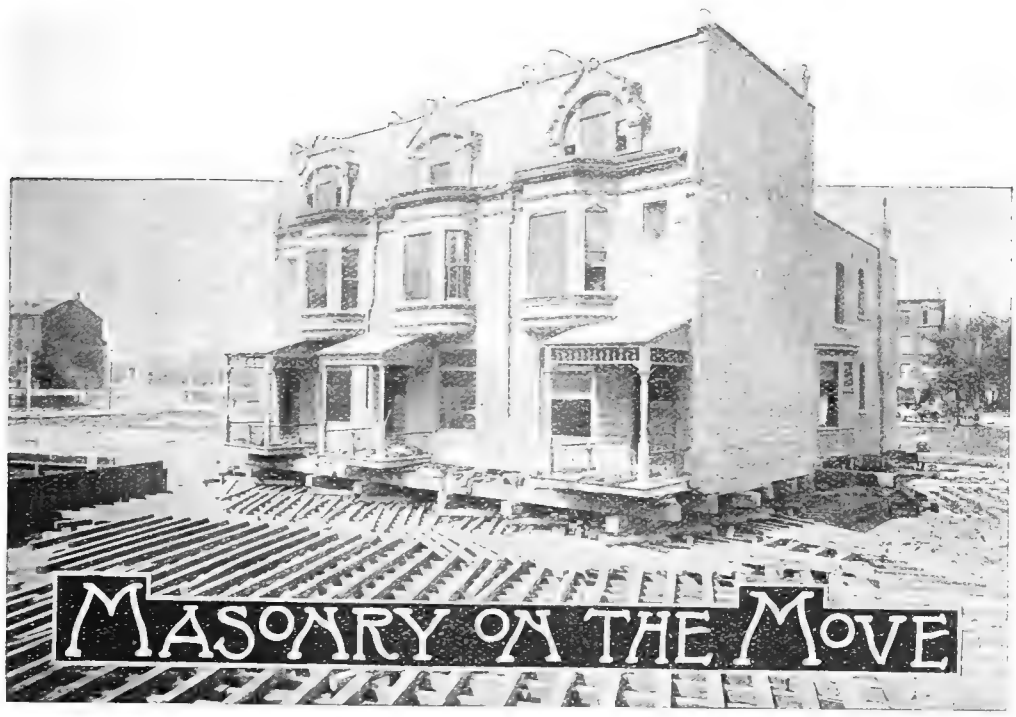

MASONRY ON THE MOVE

A very curious and interesting Article, which describes how large Houses are moved Bodily from one Place to another.

By Arthur Jefferson

With one blast of a penny whistle a man can move thirty thousand tons. This is how it is done.

Some years ago there was a row of tall brick flats in New York City which, owing to the adoption of plans for a new bridge, were very much in the way. The bridge building authorities, possessing what is known in law as the right of eminent domain, had the power to rid their path of the obstructing flats, and the owners, knowing this also, prepared to demolish their building. Needless to add, the people in the flats began to pack up their pans, kettles, and ornamental mottoes preparatory to flight. It looked as if the place that knew the flats would soon know those flats no more.

At this moment appeared the man with the whistle, or, to give him a more accurate name, the modern house-mover. The thirty thousand tons of brick and stone seemed in no way to paralyse his daring judgment, and he calmly suggested that the building might, for the trifle of £7000, be moved a sufficient distance to get it out of the way of the obnoxious bridge, and that money could be saved by doing it. "I will pledge my reputation," he said, "that the task can be accomplished without the slightest damage to a pane of glass."

It took twenty-three days to do the work. The contract included the lifting, moving, and re-location of the building, which had a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of sixty-five, and a height of five storeys. A variation of an inch would have wrecked everything, but the magnitude of the operation was, as events proved, a mere nothing.

Without going too deeply into details, it must be stated that the building did not have a straight line to travel, and special care had to be taken to get it round a corner. First it was raised from the solid stone buttresses on which it rested, to be later transferred to a platform of criss-cross beams by means of jack screws raised and lowered by an army of clever workmen, who, in turn, were controlled by the aforesaid whistle. There were over a hundred screws beneath the building, and each screw had to be turned at precisely the same instant and precisely as far, with each turn, as the others, else the

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Preparing to remove the huge bulk——

In all this building weighed no fewer than 5000 tons; it was shifted 550 feet——

building would have had undue strain upon some part, and the reputation of the contractor would have been ruined.

The whistle was the signal to turn the screws, and at each blast the ponderous building moved upwards by infinitesimal parts of inches, until, after several days, it was raised four feet. When lowering it on to the greased framework underneath, the operation of the screws was reversed, and the building was soon ready for its travels.

Had this building been of wood, strong cables might have been attached to it and horses might have pulled it along the streets, by means of a winch round which they leisurely turn, a wonderful operation which those who have never seen it find very difficult to imagine. Or, to use the flowing words of an American reporter, "one common, ordinary, everyday long-eared mule could have snaked the whole outfit from the old to the new foundation in decidedly short order."

As the "outfit" was made of something more unwieldy than wood, it was found necessary to push it along by means of the screw, each turn of the rack meaning a progress of three-sixteenths of an inch. The movement was slow and safe, and when the building reached its new foundation not a window pane had been cracked.

It will thus be seen that house moving is no easy operation, and that the development of massive masonry in modern cities has done away with the "house-moving-while-you-wait" business common some years ago. It sometimes occurs that a wealthy resident of an American town who wishes to change his abode will take his house with him in pieces, at considerable expense, and

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—of the Beach Hotel, Coney Island, U.S.A.

—and its removal was effected by means of several railway engines, the building itself moving over carefully laid tracks.

set it up anew, the expense of removal often being far less than the cost of a new house.

Recently a large sky-scraper in New York City has been demolished in order that it may be set up again, each piece of steel in the framework being marked in such a way that no mistake can be made in piecing together the new edifice. The whole reason for house-moving of any sort is based on expense and expediency. If you find it easier and less costly to move your building than to tear it down and build another, you do it on jack screws and rollers. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, your building, no matter how heavy, will reach its destination without damage. The contractor is ordinarily under a heavy penalty, and he sees to it for you that no damage is done.

The problems in engineering of this sort are as varied as the buildings themselves, and the methods of locomotion sometimes astonishing. When the firm of Messrs. B. C. Miller & Son, of Brooklyn, moved the Brighton Beach Hotel on Coney Island back from the encroaching sea a distance of five hundred and fifty feet, it seemed as if the ingenuity of man had reached its limit.

The building weighed five thousand tons, and was lifted on to one hundred and twelve flat cars or trucks, which, drawn by six locomotives, rested on twenty-four tracks. The feat was interesting enough to attract several thousand spectators, and the problem of preserving this long and unwieldy building of wood and turrets was solved in a manner that would have made the Pharaohs "sit up." The building was moved in one day, although, of course, the preparations for its removal had taken the time and thought of engineers for months.

What is known as "Phelan's feat" refers to the remarkable house-moving operation

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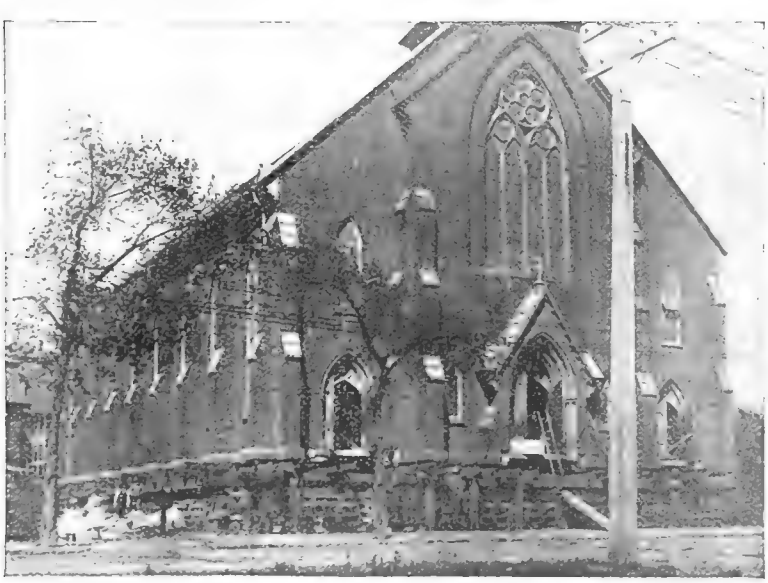
This Court-house, a building fifty-two feet high, was carried a distance of nineteen miles at the rate of eight miles an hour.

performed under the personal instruction of Mr. J. R. Phelan, superintendent of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, in moving a Court-house from Hemingford, Nebraska, to Alliance, in the same State. Here the building, fifty-two feet high from the floor to the top of the flagstaff, was lifted bodily to a flat truck in the middle of a train of coal-laden cars, and carried a distance of nineteen miles. The speed made was eight miles per hour, and little difficulty was experienced in moving the structure, except when passing through some awkward cuttings. The country was fairly flat.



This church was raised from its foundations by means of screw-jacks and bodily removed

When hill or water intervenes, new dangers have to be considered. A Connecticut farmer recently mounted his house on runners, and, with twenty-four horses and ten men, attempted to move it twenty-seven miles across a frozen lake. The ice broke, the house dropped into the water, freezing firmly at the second storey, and horses and men narrowly escaped drowning.

Ordinarily, buildings are moved on water by means of

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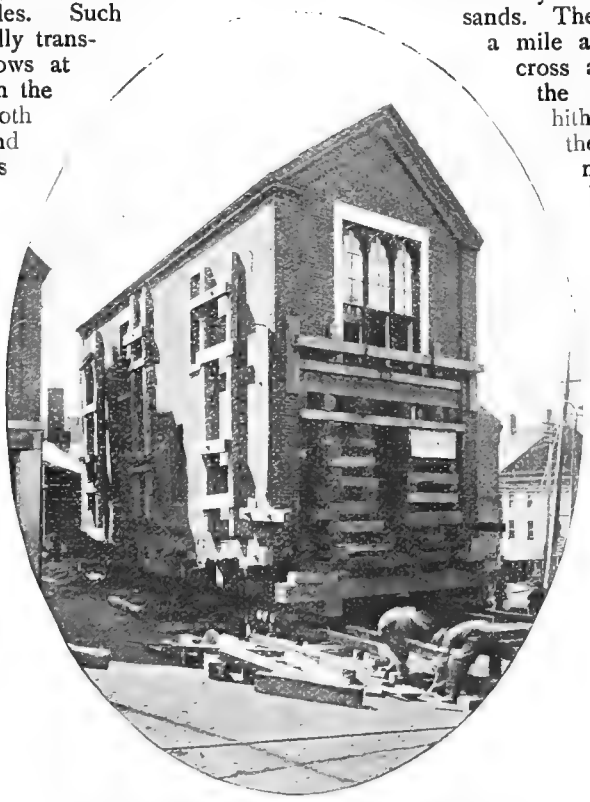
hollow metal boats, scrows, as they are called. A whole town in Washington was recently moved in this manner, the buildings being slid on to scrows, which were then towed to their destination. If a yacht club finds its present location unsuitable, it can easily be moved to another across a harbour, and, as once happened in the case of a Californian gentleman who transported his home and his household gods across San Diego Bay, the operation merely necessitated an ordinary knowledge of house-moving by means of horse and capstan, and a further knowledge of tides. Such buildings are usually transferred to the scrows at low water. When the tide rises it lifts both scrow and house, and a puffing tug does the rest.

When buildings are moved up hill or down hill, other problems have to be faced. Care is taken that a house going down hill shall not go so fast as to gain destructive momentum, and a back pull, by means of heavy hawsers, is sometimes necessary, for the house is usually on rollers and greased ways. In going up hill traction engines are often used, and it needs hardly to be added that when a large building is on the crest of a hill the nicety of detail necessary to get it from the upward to the downward slope without breakage often tries the brain of the most experienced engineer.



Often when a building is being removed it is necessary to prop up the sides with supports to prevent their cracking.

In South Dakota the position of a small town, Platte, was found to be insanitary. The inhabitants came to the conclusion that a change of air would be beneficial to the health of the community, and the town was moved several miles. The energetic house-shifters were not baulked by the huge contract before them, but set to work without delay on the hotel. Heavy timbers and jack-screws were collected. The route by which the hotel was to move was selected and a timber way laid. The first step, then, was to fix big jack-screws to the foundations and rollers to the floor beams. Over one hundred and twenty horses were harnessed to great cables hooked on to the hotel. The conductor blew his whistle, there was a cracking of many whips, a shouting from hundreds of voices and the huge cavalcade set off, followed by the cheers of thousands. The hotel was moved a mile a day, and had to cross a broad creek on the way, a difficulty hitherto unknown in the annals of house-moving.

Then followed the church. This was not nearly as big a business as the moving of the hotel, and it got over the ground quicker. Nothing was moved from the building, even the prayer books and hymn books remaining on their accustomed little shelves during the moving.

When the church had been dumped down in its new position, the contractors came back to the town, and set to work on the village general shop. As with the church, the moving was accomplished with great success. Not a particle of sugar or tea was upset, and not a single bottle broken.

In fact, it is possible that the go-ahead shopkeeper put up a notice outside his shop—"Business as usual during removal." The rest of the town soon followed, the inhabitants not leaving their houses, and even sleeping in them.

In England and the Continent, house-moving is less frequent, but not less worthy

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This £40,000 house was successfully removed from its original site in Lynn, Mass. In the course of its travels it had to be lowered many feet down an incline.

of note. In Rouen some years ago a massive coal shed was moved on little trucks or trolleys on rails, each iron support of the great structure resting on one of the trolleys, the whole being pulled along by means of men and windlasses. The delicate work of keeping the separate supports of the shed in their relative positions to each other was the main feature of this successful feat. Not a pane in the enormous glass roof of the structure was broken.

The unexpected, of course, sometimes happens. There is a true story of a house-moving operation in a New England State which took place when a circus was in the town. Everything was going smoothly, and the horses were plodding their patient way around the capstans when an escaped elephant appeared upon the scene, dashed amongst the ropes with shrill trumpetings, worked havoc with the house and rollers, made a bold dash for life through the windows of a neighbouring saloon, and ended his life with a gun shot, the victim of intemperate haste. The contractor, under bonds, sued the circus for the damage done, and got his money, the celebrated case standing on record as one of the few in which accidents have been known to happen in house-moving.

An unfortunate incident occurred in a western state in America during the moving of a large warehouse. The contractor guaranteed that the moving should last ten days at the most. But when the building had reached the eighth milestone a heavy storm set in that lasted three weeks and swelled a river that crossed the road to such an extent that the total moving lasted not ten days but ten weeks. The contractor lost heavily on that job.

A hotel that was moved without being emptied of guests. They were allowed to remain in their rooms during the moving operations just as if nothing out of the way were happening.

Google

A Swimming School For Horses

Photo by Hubgood.

How the British Cavalry Horse is taught the invaluable Art of Swimming.

By W. G. FitzGerald.

Perhaps the most interesting sight that can be witnessed at Aldershot is the annual swimming exercises of our cavalry horses; and as these animals display varying degrees of aptitude and willingness, the scene is one of great animation and entertainment.

The great thing is not to force or alarm the horse during his training, but rather to induce him by easy stages to enter the water quickly, fearlessly, and as noiselessly as possible. This peculiar form of education is given a good deal of attention at Aldershot, where horses' swimming "classes" are made up and carried out at frequent intervals during the summer and autumn trainings.

Of the many different breeds of horses that are found within the ranks of a cavalry regiment at home, there is very little difference in the readiness with which they take to the water, although it has been found by experience that the Irish horses are slightly the better in this respect, and the easiest to teach. Horses are "enlisted" on reaching their third year, but it is generally two years more before they are taken for their first swimming lesson, this being given under the personal supervision of the veterinary officer and riding-master of the regiment. Only experienced men, and the rough-riding staff generally, are allowed to assist in this important work. The utmost care is used in getting the horse into the water for the first time, for on this depend greatly his docility and readiness to enter the water in the future.

An old suit of fatigue clothes is used by the man who has charge of the horse, and he walks his timid pupil about on the first day on the edge of the water, just permitting him to wet his hoofs and fetlocks. On no account must the lesson be rushed. First impressions are everything, and if you once terrify the horse he is no use as a swimmer,

Photo by Knight.

Soldiers preparing to give their horses a swimming lesson. First of all boats have to be launched, and from these the horses are guided, and, if necessary, helped in their early lessons.

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Photo by Knight.

As soon as the boat is launched, the horses are quietly led into the water. Gentle methods only are used—it is a fatal mistake to frighten a horse at the start.

and you run a risk of making him fight shy of deep water for ever.

The next day, divested of all saddlery except a head collar and briddoon, the equine "pupil" is introduced a little further into the water—perhaps up to his body—and he is then allowed to paddle about as he pleases. In this way the horse is gradually taken further and further into the water, until at length he loses his footing, and starts swimming quite naturally, the man in charge also swimming by his side to give further confidence. The horse is next taught to swim beside a boat. This completes his tuition, and he is classed in his regiment as "proficient." He has, in fact, passed his "exam." like any cadet at Sandhurst!

The training of the horses of a cavalry regiment to cross rivers *en masse* is carried out annually. This forms part of the regimental training at the completion of the squadron training. The regiment is first of all divided up into troops. One man swims across with a line, and then a boat or raft is pulled or poled across with others, and a strong rope is made fast on the far side.

All the horses are now divested of all their saddlery except head collars and head ropes. This done the men step into the boat or on to the raft and by means of the head rope bring their horse into the water alongside. When all is ready, and as many horses arranged as the boat can control, a signal is given, and the boat is hauled across, the horses being pulled after it, whether they like it or not.

Once out of their depth the animals are

Photo by Knight.

In deeper water—but the horses are still within their depth and are as yet able to walk after the boat.

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easily managed, and give but little trouble until the other side is reached. Here, however, a pretty wet jacket awaits the soldier, for the horse shakes himself on emerging from the water like a dog, only more so.

Photo by Knight.
In the middle—the horses are now swimming. Although very powerful swimmers, they can only keep their heads and necks out of the water.

At times the horses are exercised in bearing their riders across on their backs without the aid of boats. This is generally carried out by the rider, who strips himself as well as his horse. Only the head collar and briddoon are used on these ticklish occasions, and by means of much judicious coaxing the timid animal is got into the water by degrees and so swims across.

As the horse naturally swims very low in the water, the rider's weight generally pushes him down till only his head is above the surface. The rider usually brings his own legs up along the animal's flanks, so as not to impede his swimming movements, and in this way the river is successfully negotiated.

During the Boer War the mounted troops were frequently required to cross rivers and deep spruits, often in the dead of night, and that on strange animals and amid totally unfamiliar surroundings, where neither horse nor rider knew, after entering the water, what sort of a bank fronted him on the other side, or how he was to get out when he got there. On such occasions there were no boats to ferry the soldiers across, and enable them to guide their horses in the water. Each and all had simply to take up their stirrups and cross them over the saddle to prevent them from entangling the horse's legs, and then drop the reins on the horse's neck, and take a wild plunge into unknown water, trusting to luck to get them over to the other side.

Yet, curiously enough, although this was almost the daily experience of thousands of our mounted troops, especially during the rainy season, the number of casualties that have occurred through taking deep unknown rivers in this way has been astonishingly small, thanks to the intelligent education the horses and men had previously received in the art of swimming.

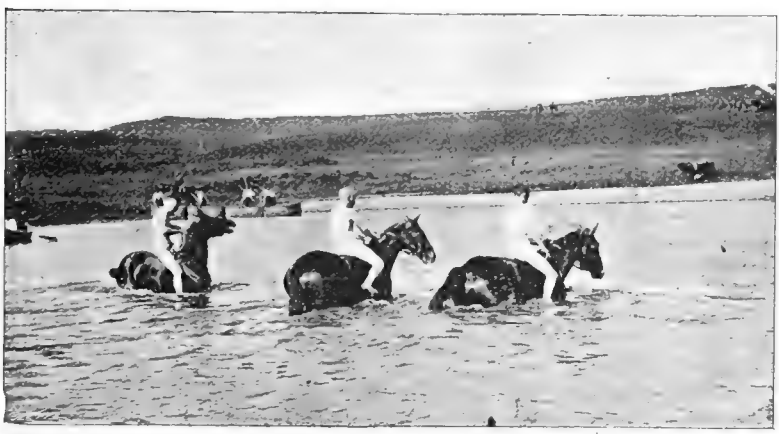

Photo by Knight.
Teaching horses to cross a river with a rider on his back. For obvious reasons, the soldiers who give the lessons ride without any superfluous clothing; they often have to swim by the side of their horses to relieve them of the extra weight.

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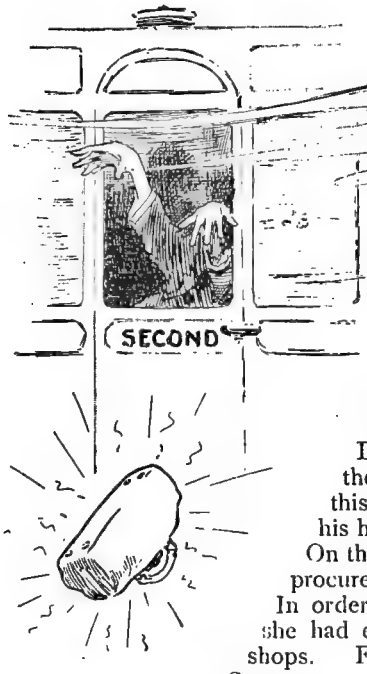

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE

By Owen Oliver.

For the past ten years it has been my custom to return home by the 5.30 from Victoria, in company with Jones of the Tintacks Office, and Brown and Green of the Tape Department, and to occupy the left-hand corner seat on the side facing the engine. I never depart willingly from this arrangement; but a married man cannot be regular in his habits.

On the morning of the 4th December my wife requested me to procure an alarm clock for the use of the new housemaid. In order to obtain one in exact accordance with her wishes, which she had expressed in some detail, I was compelled to visit several shops. Finally I obtained a suitable clock at the Army and Navy Stores.

After the attendant had shown me how to wind it and set it for 6·45, I put it in my bag and went on to Victoria.

I was nearly an hour late, and had to put up with a middle seat, back to the engine, in a smoking compartment already occupied by four persons with whom I was not acquainted. The individual on my left was a short, dark man of unpleasantly familiar manners. He asked for a light. I gave him one. He remarked that it was colder than yesterday. I answered that I was of the opposite opinion. He suggested that it would be warmer soon. I replied that I saw no reason to suppose so. He observed that he liked a chat with a perfect stranger. I told him that I did not. He stated that it improved the mind. I informed him that I did not feel called upon to improve the minds of chance acquaintances. He then had the sense to hold his tongue.

At Herne Hill he put down the window and looked out. After he had looked out for some time he announced his intention of alighting to have a drink.

"Keep the seat for me, guv'nor," he said. I stared at him.

"If you wish to retain the seat you had better put a bag on it," I told him.

"Thanks!" He took a small bag, similar to that which I was carrying, from the rack, placed it upon the seat, and went hurriedly out.

When the train started he had not returned. After it was in motion a red-faced man got in. He frowned at the vacant seat and requested me to remove the bag. I informed him that I was neither concerned in placing it there nor in removing it. A youth opposite told him that it belonged to a gentleman who had left the train and had not returned.

"That's curious," the newcomer said. "What sort of a looking man was he?"

"A short, dark, untidy chap," the youth stated.

"And this bag belonged to him?"

"I don't know if it belonged to him." The youth grinned foolishly. "But he left it here. Why don't you move it?"

"Move it?" said the man. "Not me!"

A fussy old gentleman in the far corner put down his paper and looked over his spectacles.

"He could hardly object under the circumstances," he pointed out. "He did not look a quarrelsome person."

"It isn't *him* that I mind. It's the bag."

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He backed away to a distant corner. Everyone stopped reading and stared.

"It looks harmless enough," a parson opposite to me remarked. The man wagged his finger at him.

"So did the one he blew up the cloak-room with; but——"

I did not catch the remainder of the sentence, owing to an unseemly struggle of the other passengers to the far-end of the compartment.

"Come, come!" the parson said. "Don't let us lose our nerve."

He edged in behind me, and trod on the toes of a fat gentleman, who pushed him on to the old gentleman, who pushed him up again.

"How do you know it's the man?" the youth asked.

"Know him! I'm from Scotland Yard. I was looking for him in the train when it started. He must have seen me."

"He looked out of the window," they all cried.

"Ah! It's *him* right enough!"

"The bag ought to be got rid of at once," I observed.

"Just what I was thinking," he agreed.

"If you were to put it out of the window?" I suggested.

The individual on my left was unpleasantly familiar.

"You can get at it easier," he retorted. Unfortunately I was in front.

"I make it a practice not to interfere in other people's business," I demurred. "No doubt this reverend gentleman——" I looked at the parson, but he pretended not to hear.

"You're youngest," the old gentleman told the youth. "Go on, my lad."

The youth objected that it was "a responsibility," and some one older ought to undertake it. The fat gentleman had told him yesterday that he was a man of the world, who knew how to deal with a delicate case, he observed; and the detective said that was just the man we wanted. But the fat gentleman explained that he preferred to see his way clear before he took up anything, and there was no proof that the man or the bag had meditated any harm.

"You listen to it for a moment," the detective said, "and see if you don't hear the sound of clockwork. That'll tell you."

We listened. Beyond a doubt there was a ticking sound in the bag.

"It's there!" cried the parson.

"And it's going," cried the youth.

"If you take my advice," said the old gentleman, "one of you will put it out of the window."

"That is exactly my view," added the fat man; and the detective and the youth said it was theirs also, and tried to push me forward.

"Don't be afraid," the parson told me.

"I am not," I said, "so long as whoever puts it out handles it carefully."

"That's the style," said the detective. "You'll do it all right." He pushed me a little further. "Put it out sharp."

"I can't," I protested. "The window is shut."

They all shouted that I must, and pushed me in dangerous proximity to the bag. At that moment a muffled, clacking sound started in its interior.

"It's going off!" they yelled. "Quick!"

The old gentleman jumped up on the seat and the youth climbed nearly into the hat-rack. I seized the bag courageously and threw it out. The youth yelled suddenly, and there was a sharp crash. I thought it

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We lay in a struggling heap on the floor.

was an explosion, but it was only the hat-rail giving way, and dropping the youth upon the old gentleman. The old gentleman fell on to the fat man and cannoned off on the parson. The parson grabbed at the detective and sent him flying. The detective butted me in the waistcoat, and I fell over him, and we lay in a struggling heap on the floor. We tempted Providence about a dozen times between us (six gentlemen at two apiece). Then we got up, and the parson said that we had a great deal to be thankful for.

We had barely finished dusting one another's coats when the train stopped at Beckenham. The detective got out, and the dark little man got in. They did not recognise one another.

"Hulloa!" the man said cheerfully.

"Er—hulloa!" said we.

"Just got in the guard's van," he explained. "Knew you'd keep the seat for me. Where's the bag?" He glanced at the seat and the rack over it.

"The bag?" I said. "Er—the bag?"

I looked at the others, and they looked at me, and the man looked at us all, as if he thought we had gone mad.

"There has been a slight misunderstanding," the parson said, "as is too prone to occur in sublunary matters."

"Oh!" said the man, "there *has*, has there!"

"The person who passed out as you came in," the old gentleman explained, "was a detective."

"He didn't look quite respectable," the man agreed.

"He was in search of a—a gentleman, suspected of—er—anarchical tendencies," the fat man added. "He thought that the bag looked—er—somewhat suspicious."

"Much like other bags," the man observed.

"Quite so!" said the parson. "Quite so! The same thing occurred to me."

"I've seen a hundred like it on this line," the youth volunteered.

"It is almost identical with my own," I stated.

"Still," the old gentleman remarked, "you cannot be too careful. This gentleman"—he indicated *me!*—"thought it would be best to—er——"

"Pardon me!" I remonstrated, "*you* thought so."

"Excuse me," the parson protested, "you suggested that it ought to be got rid of."

"Not at all," I disclaimed.

"Anyhow," said the fat man, "*you* put it out of the window."

"You mean to say that you took me for an anarchist?" he demanded threateningly.

"No, no!" we all said at once. "Not at all!"

"Anyhow, you thought that the bag was mine?"

"Er—yes," we agreed.

"Well," he said deliberately, "it wasn't! This gentleman advised me to put a bag on the seat. I hadn't one with me. *So I borrowed his!*"

"Good Heavens!" I gasped. "It was the alarm-clock that I was taking home for Maria!"

Google

CAP AND BELLS

QUITS

"Mabel," said Archibald, "now that we are engaged, we should have no secrets from each other, should we, dear?"

"No," replied Mabel, after she had assured herself that her mother was not listening in the next room.

"Well, then," he said, "do please tell me just how old you are."

"With pleasure," said Mabel. "But first, Archibald, please tell me just how much you get a week."

Archibald pondered. His mind ran ahead into the future.

"Forgive me, Mabel," he responded, "it was none of my business to ask."

* * * *

QUITE SAFE.

"Now, Reginald!" cried Mr. Smith,
"Don't point that empty gun."
"It isn't empty, father dear,
It's loaded," said the son.

* * * *

POOR CHAP!

"Percy, ma boy, I'm worwid to death about something." "What in the world are you worwid about, old chap?" "That's the twobble. For the life of me I cawn't we-member."

AN IDEAL.

She must be young, and very pretty;
She must be rich, and fairly witty;
Her waist—my arm must be its measure;
Her lips must taste of honeyed treasure;
Her teeth must be of pearly whiteness;
Her step must be of fairy lightness;
Her voice must be like siren's, 'luring;
Her love for me must be enduring.

In short, the girl of my selection
Must be—well, she must be perfection.

* * * * *

A NOVEL IN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.
Maid one.
CHAPTER II.
Maid won.
CHAPTER III.
Made one.

* * * * *

"I desire an audience with the manager," remarked the dignified, smooth-faced person, as he approached the box office of the theatre.

"Step in," replied the man in the box office. "I think he's looking for a few audiences himself."

* * * * *

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

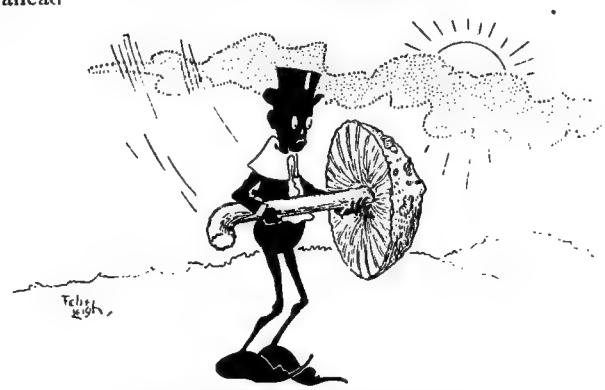
TOMMY: "Can I eat another piece of pie?"

MAMMA (witheringly): "I suppose you can."

TOMMY: "Well, *may* I?"

MAMMA: "No, dear, you may not."

TOMMY: "Bother grammar!"



A DEFECTIVE INVENTION.

Fashionable Brownie: "Here's a dilemma! When these comic artists originated the toad-stool umbrella they forgot that one wouldn't be able to shut it up when the shower was over!"

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THE ARTFUL TRADER.

In the North of Scotland a few years ago there lived an old cobbler, who, when not busy with his own work, occasionally went round among the neighbouring farms selling crockery and such like. He happened one day in the harvest time to call at a certain farm-house just as the good wife was getting the dinner prepared for the rest of the household, who were out harvesting.

"Why don't you care for tennis?"
The Widow: "I don't like any game where love counts for nothing."

Thomas liked best to call about this particular time; but that day the farmer's wife, who was out of temper, seeing him approaching, told him she did not want anything, and had no time to bother with him.

Thomas, knowing her to be very greedy, bethought himself of a plan to manage her.

Eyeing a fine rowan tree in front of the door, he asked her if she would get him a dozen bunches of rowans, and he would pay her sixpence for them.

The good wife, thinking to make something, procured a ladder and proceeded to get the rowans, Thomas telling her all the time to get the bunches right up at the top, as they were best.

Immediately on her leaving the ladder to climb up higher, Thomas slipped it away, and entered the house and helped himself to a good dinner.

After satisfying himself, he made off in

He: "Don't argue, my dear."
She: "Don't what?"

He: "I said, 'Don't argue my dear.'"
She: "Don't what?"

He: "I said, 'Don't argue.'"
She: "Don't what?"

He: "Don't strike me!"

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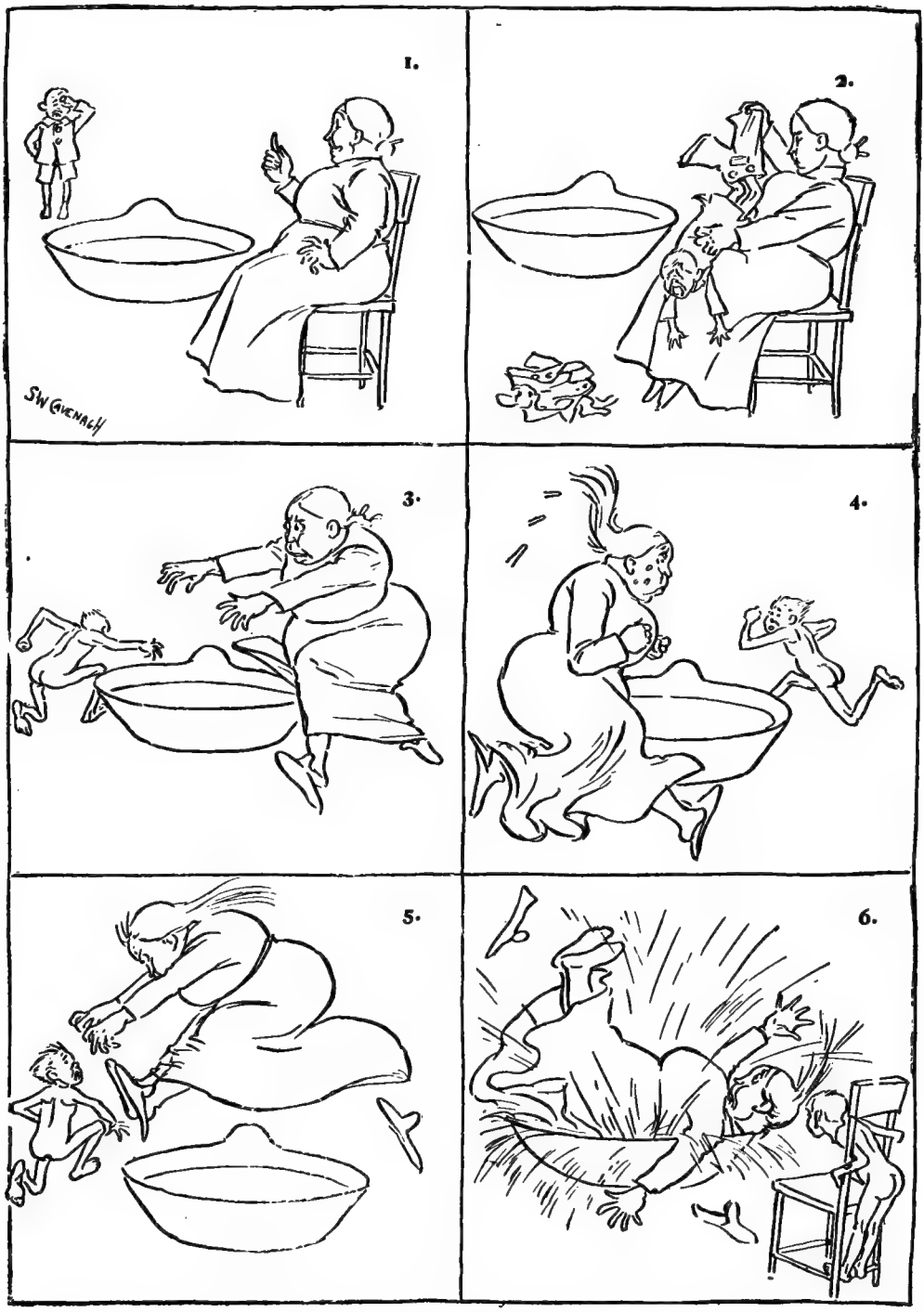
TOMMY'S BATH: A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.



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the direction of the field where the good man was at work.

The farmer greeted him by crying out:

"What's wrang wi' the gude wife the day, Thomas? I saw her waving her apron from the tree there."

"Oh, naething," replied Thomas; "only she bought a dozen cups and saucers frae me, and had nae money on her to pay for them. They're jist auchteen-pence."

Thomas got the eighteenpence, and went away in the opposite direction from the farm.

* * *

It must be a great relief to the average mother to know that the sins of the fathers are the ones that are visited upon the children.

THE FICTIONAL TYPE.

I do not want my love to be
A girl with "raven hair,"
With "roses on her cheeks," and with
"Eyes like twin stars." And there
Is one thing more—"two cherry lips"
She mustn't own, this Miss,
For if she's built like *that*, of course,
She's bound to look like *this*.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

WIFE: "I had such an awful dream last night."

HUSBAND: "Oh, well, you shouldn't mind. Dreams always go by contraries, you know."

WIFE: "I hope so. I dreamt I asked you for £5 to pay for a new bonnet, and you refused to give it to me."

* * *

"May I print a kiss on your cheek?" I asked.
She nodded her sweet permission.
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

* * *

A WARNING.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,"
A fact most unpleasantly true.
Of the cause of the laugh you only know half—
The world may be laughing at you.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

NOT ALWAYS.

"I believe in beginning at the bottom and working up."

"Then you can't dig any wells for me."

* * *

HAD TO THINK TWICE.

"Oh, be not hasty, friend!" I cried.
"Think twice o'er all you utter."
"I'm bound to do so," he replied,
"I stut-tut-tut-tut-tutter."

A MYSTERY.

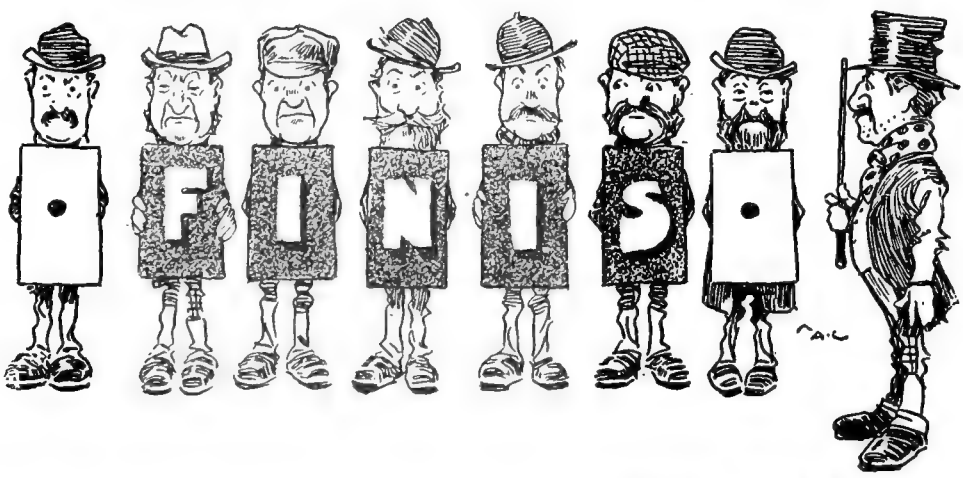
Editor: "Have you ever submitted this poem anywhere before?"

Poet: "No."

Editor: "Then how did you get that black eye?"

* * *

Everything that is bought goes to the buyer, except coal. That goes to the cellar.



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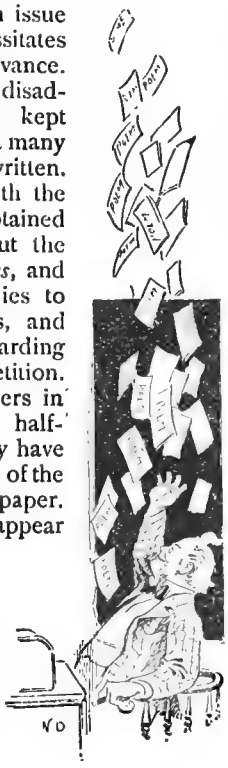
MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Announcements, Gossip, and Anecdotes that Everyone should Read.

HOW THE 5s. A DAY COMPETITION IS PROGRESSING.

Although more than a month has passed since the closing date of the 5*s.* a Day for Life Competition, I am quite unable to say anything regarding the progress of checking the results, for the very good and sufficient reason that I am writing these words some days before the actual closing date. The time taken to produce each issue of the ROYAL MAGAZINE necessitates our going to press so far in advance. This, of course, is a serious disadvantage to readers who are kept waiting for statements of interest many weeks after they have been written. Therefore, we have arranged with the *Daily Express* (which can be obtained from any newsagent throughout the kingdom), the *Midland Express*, and the *North Mail*, to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. Each of the morning newspapers in question can be obtained for a half-penny. Any statements we may have to make will be found at the foot of the first column on page 2 in each paper. The final result, however, will appear in the ROYAL MAGAZINE only.



MY BEST THANKS.

It seems to me almost impossible that only a short while since I was a soured individual envious of Mr. X's popularity! If all the kindly things you people have written me since these pages began are sincere—I am sure they are—I really begin to think I must be a most fascinating person. Seriously, I am very glad that we seem to get on so well together and that you genuinely look forward to the monthly appearance of the ROYAL. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all who have been so kind as to send me their best wishes and congratulations.

SHORT STORIES AND HOW TO WRITE THEM.

A short while ago I spoke of the poet and his writings. I told you that poets were very nice people, and that I was always on the look-out for their efforts. Since then I have had no reason to complain for want of poems. I could easily have filled three or four numbers of the ROYAL with rhyme and nothing else. But don't apologise! I brought it all on myself. Beside which, I am always delighted, honestly delighted, to read anything you may send in—novels in verse, epics in twelve cantos, odes, and elegies.

But good stories are what I want most of all, and yet they are rarer than good verses. Where's the hitch? The majority of you resolutely refuse to study the journals to which you forward your work. You send me, say, a subtly analytic study of character—an immortal work, doubtless, profoundly reasoned and exquisitely written, but so much waste paper as far as the ROYAL is concerned.

A RECIPE FOR STORY-TELLING.

The first thing to do when you have studied your journal, is to fix on a strong central idea. Then, sketch out the plot, being careful to eliminate everything that detaches from the main interest of the story; think out all the situations, till you see them in your mind; then, make a start. Don't begin with descriptions or explanations, you have no room for these, and Editors and readers have no wish to read them; begin—if you will pardon the Irishism—right in the middle.

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Grip the reader's imagination in the first paragraph, and let each succeeding paragraph tighten that grip. Avoid anything that hampers the rapid movement of the story, and be as lavish as you like with your dialogue, so long as it is always crisp and to the point. Vague and desultory chattering is worse than useless. Write in short, clear sentences and make the ending happy.

MR. VIVIAN CARTER.

Last month I told you about one of my assistants who travels to the ends of the earth in search of "copy," and I promised to give you his latest adventure. I have been as good as my word. His latest adventure you will find on page 217, together with a portrait of himself, which you are all requested to admire—the portrait on the left of the page, please remember, the frock-coated, white-waistcoated portrait. The right-hand portrait, though interesting, is not exactly attractive—indeed, it was with some difficulty that I persuaded Mr. Carter to allow me to publish it, and the reason he gave for this was really a very dainty compliment to yourselves—"I should rather appear at my best when introduced to the ROYAL readers."

IN PURSUIT OF "COPY."

Mention of Mr. Carter and the hardships he gladly endures in pursuit of "copy," reminds me of a story illustrating this trait in the character of the modern journalist which a person of very considerable importance told me lately. He was travelling some years ago with the late Marquess of Dufferin in the United States. Some political crisis was at hand at the time, and the Marquess was very much in the know. As a natural consequence the American reporter left him no peace day or night. Being a singularly courteous man he sent them about their business with the utmost politeness, expressing his regret at not being able to comply with their wishes.

But patience has its limits, and when the Marquess found his private apartments invaded by sundry reporters whom he had dismissed twice already during the day, he gave them a piece of his mind, had them turned out of the place rather quicker than they had entered it, and issued strict orders that he was "not in" to anyone of their kidney who might try to force a way into his presence.

What was the result? Next morning in one of the leading journals appeared a long article headed in enormous type, "How We Didn't Find the *Duffer In.*" setting forth all that occurred (and much that hadn't), and abusing the Marquess like an angry fishwife.

NATURE STUDY COMPETITION, NO. IV.

Again I am very pleased with the results of this competition. The attempts, as a whole, were exceedingly good, but there was still a tendency on the part of some of the competitors to retail facts which had evidently been told them and were not the outcome of their own observations. For instance, when one competitor remarks that the "cuckoow" is a "lazzy" bird he certainly writes from hearsay. Again, I notice a singular fondness for poetical quotations. These are all very well in their way, but as a substitute for original observations distinctly out of place. However, as I have said, the results were, generally, quite satisfactory. The prize winners are as follows, to each of whom I have forwarded a guinea:

CLASS I.—Aileen F. A. Masefield (aged 8 years), Rosehill, Cheadle, Stafford. Leonard Newnham (aged 7), Westmeston School, Hassocks, Sussex. Bertha Newnham (aged 7 years), Westmeston School, Hassocks, Sussex.

CLASS II.—Joan Grubb (aged 13), Castle Grace, Clogheen, Cahir, Ireland. Reginald Stafford (aged 13), Waldeck, Rideway, Enfield. Tim Mackrell (aged 11), Bracon Ash and Hethel Board School, Norwich.

CLASS III.—Claude Boyce Hill (aged 16), Radclive, Woolville Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. Joan M. Ogilvie (aged 17), Chapel, Kirkaldy, N.B. Dorothy Payne Gallwey (aged 16), Thirkleby Park, Thirsk.

The special prize for the greatest number of attempts sent in has been won by the Wroxall Board School, Isle of Wight, to whom we have forwarded a Browning's "Strand" microscope, specially made by John Browning, of 78, Strand, W.C., for the use of Colleges and Schools.

When the Marquess found his private apartments invaded by sundry reporters.

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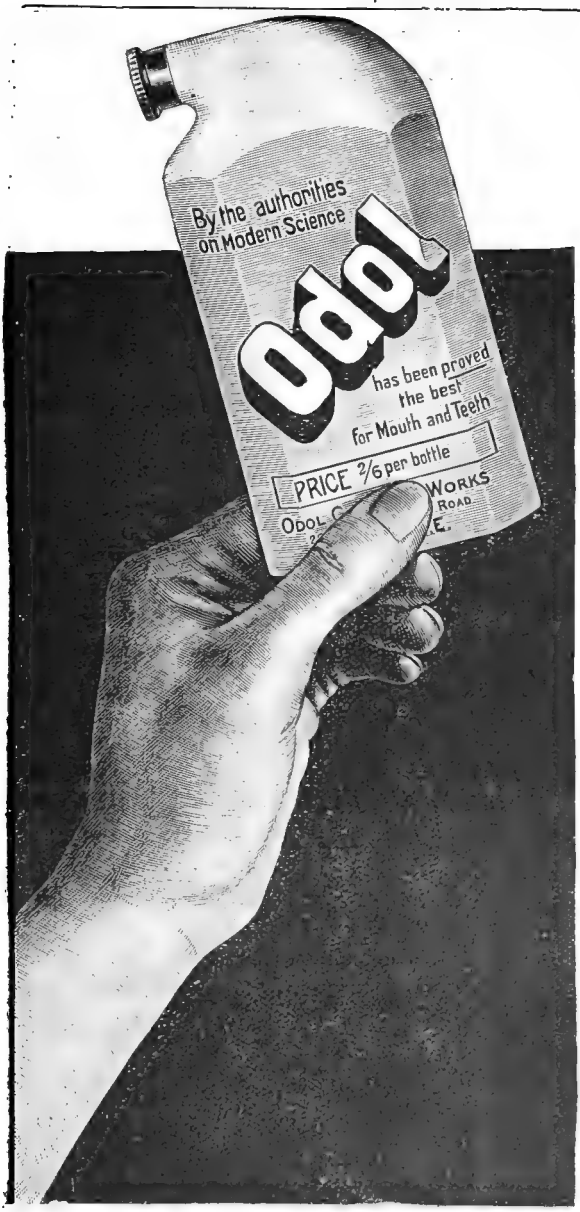

THE PRESENT ORDINARY METHOD of cleaning the teeth and mouth with tooth-powders and tooth-pastes is completely mistaken. Mistaken, that is to say, if any one wishes to have sound teeth, and it must be imagined that this is the real aim of all care of the teeth. But any one who wishes to keep his teeth sound and whole should clearly understand that it will be necessary for him to accustom himself to cleansing his mouth and teeth with an antiseptic *fluid*. Cleaning the teeth with tooth-powders and tooth-pastes can never protect them from microbes; and that for the simple reason that the very localities which are most liable to attack, the backs of the molars, fissures in the teeth, and interstices between them, are the places which are not purified by tooth-powders and tooth-pastes. In consequence the mischief being once set up proceeds on its way uninterruptedly. But a *fluid* can penetrate everywhere, and when it is antiseptic it destroys all the enemies which attack the teeth. The new preparation Odol is one that has a practical antiseptic effect, that is to say, it is a preparation that arrests all bacterial and fermentation processes which attack them. The certain disinfection of the mouth and teeth resulting from the use of Odol is especially due to a remarkable property which this preparation possesses, and which causes it to be absorbed by the surface of the mucous membrane, so that it here deposits a store of antiseptic matter whose action continues *for some hours*. By regular cleansing with Odol healthy teeth are kept absolutely intact, and teeth already impaired are preserved from further destruction. For this reason Odol must certainly be regarded as the best of all known preparations for cleansing the mouth and teeth.

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824. Mrs. H—— says:—"I am glad to inform you that **I am losing weight every week.** Have suffered untold inconvenience from corpulence for the past nine years, but am now fairly on the way, thanks to the Tablets, to be **restored to my original weight.**"

810. Miss J—— writes from Buxton:—"Has taken the Tablets and is most happy to say that **she lost 6lb. in a week,** only taking the remedy once a day, after mid-day dinner."

809. Mrs. Y—— writes from Sheffield:—"I feel that it is doing me good. **I feel better in health, and have lost 5lb. with first box.**"

829. Mrs. T—— writes from Notts:—"Found it difficult to spare the money, but pleased to say am much better for the treatment."

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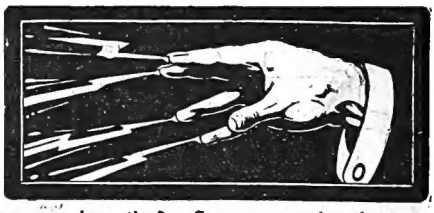

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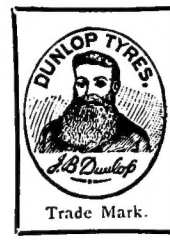

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